The Dogs of War
Chapter 1
Operation HUSKY
U.S.
U.S.

10 JULY 1943

LISTEN UP!

CLLINS

FOLEY

GRUNGRUNGRUNGRUNGRUNGRU

THEY KNOW WE'RE COMING. CLEAR THE RAMP AND *KEEP MOVING.* A SINGLE MG IS *NOT* TAKING OUT MY PLATOON.

BRE

U.S.N.

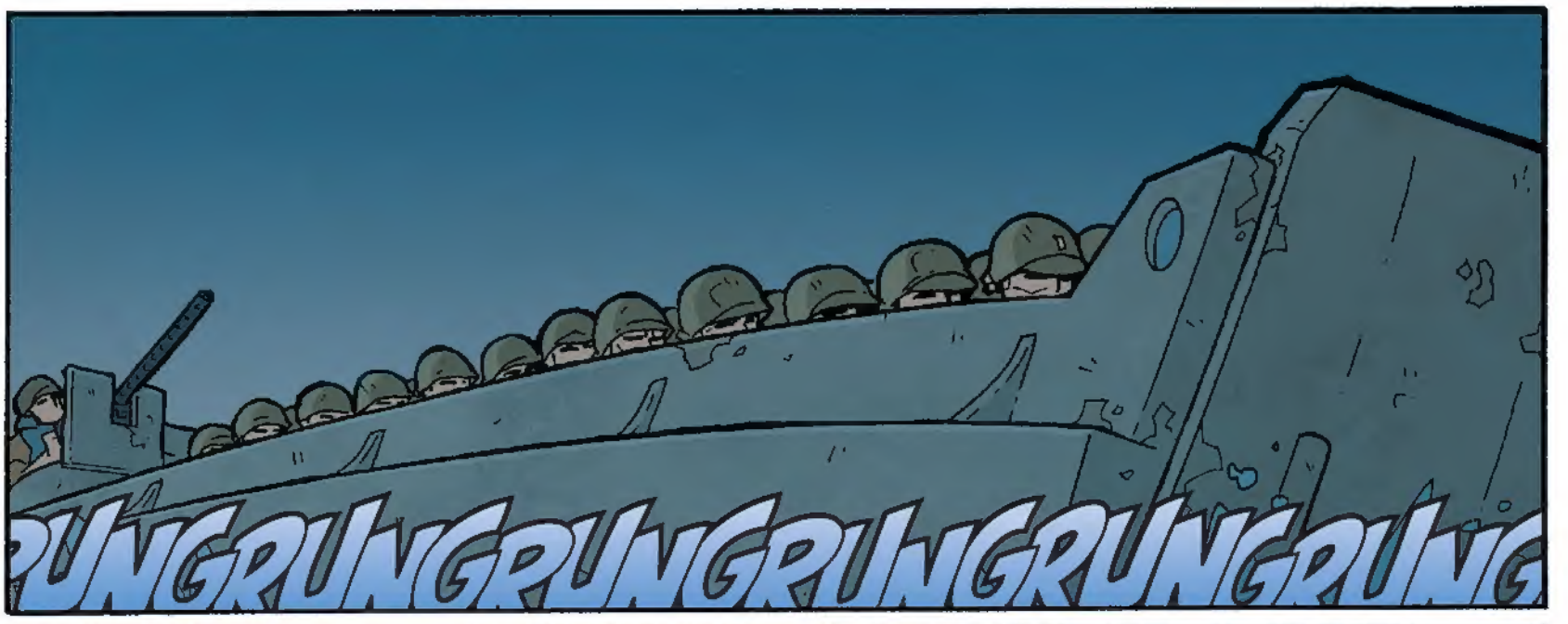
FIVE MINUTES 'TIL THE BEACH!

UNGRUNGRUNG

DO WHAT YOUR SERGEANTS TELL YOU AND YOU'LL GET THROUGH OKAY. SQUAD LEADERS, KEEP ONE EYE ON ME AS WE MOVE.

UNGRUNGR

UNGRUNG



GRUNGRUNGRUNGRUNG

WUH-THOOM

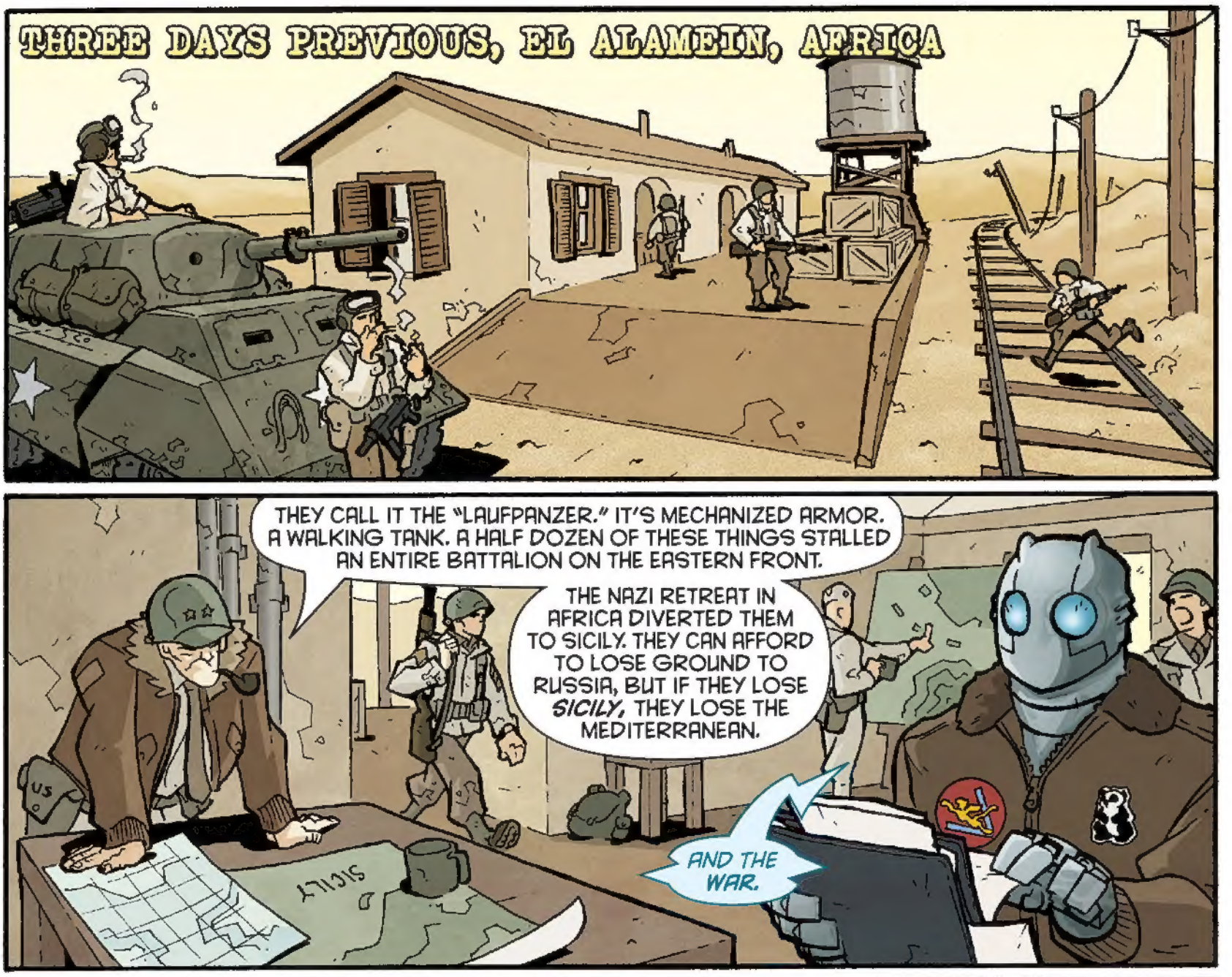
THA-THOOM

WUH-THOOM

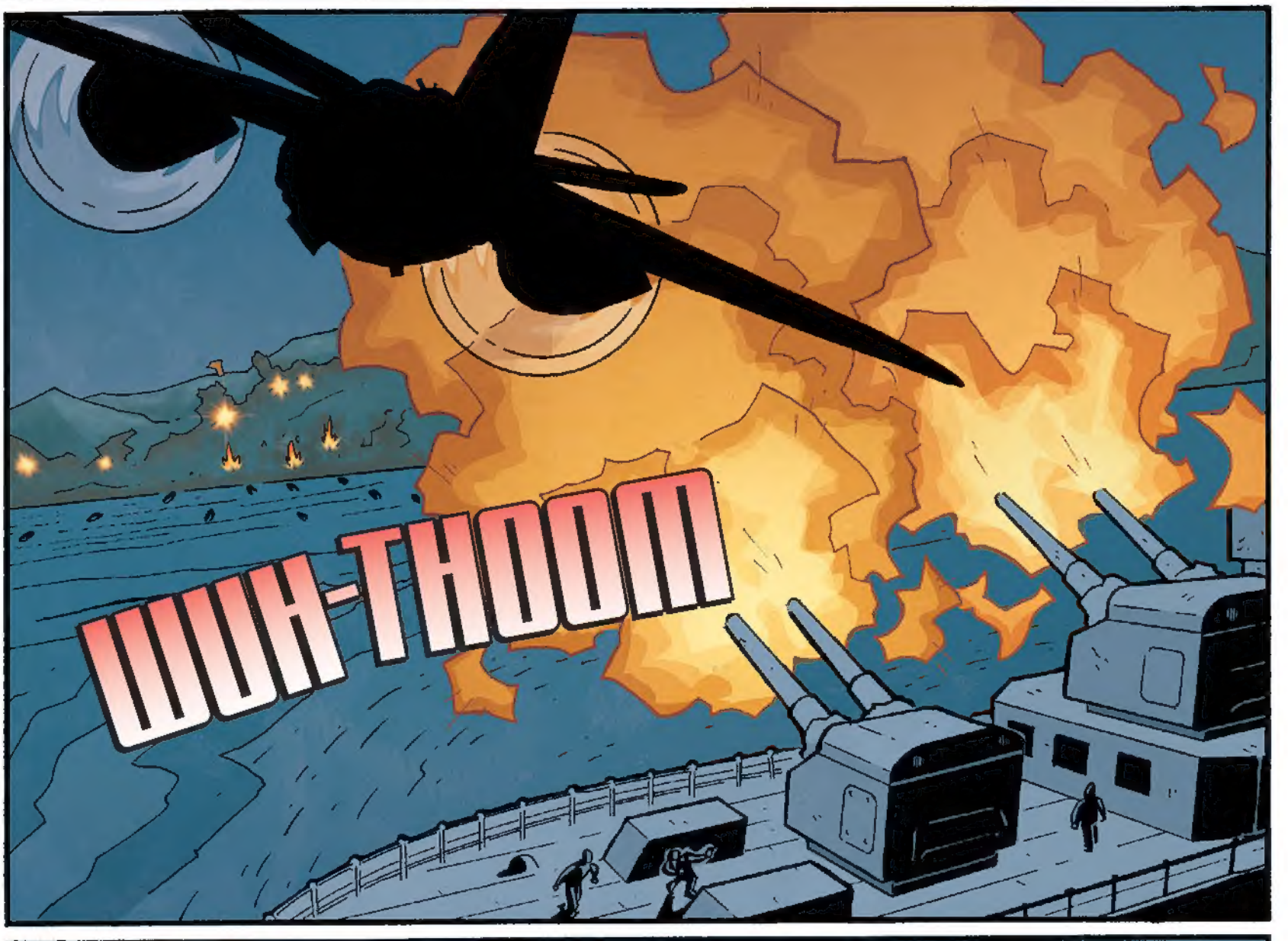
THA-THOOM

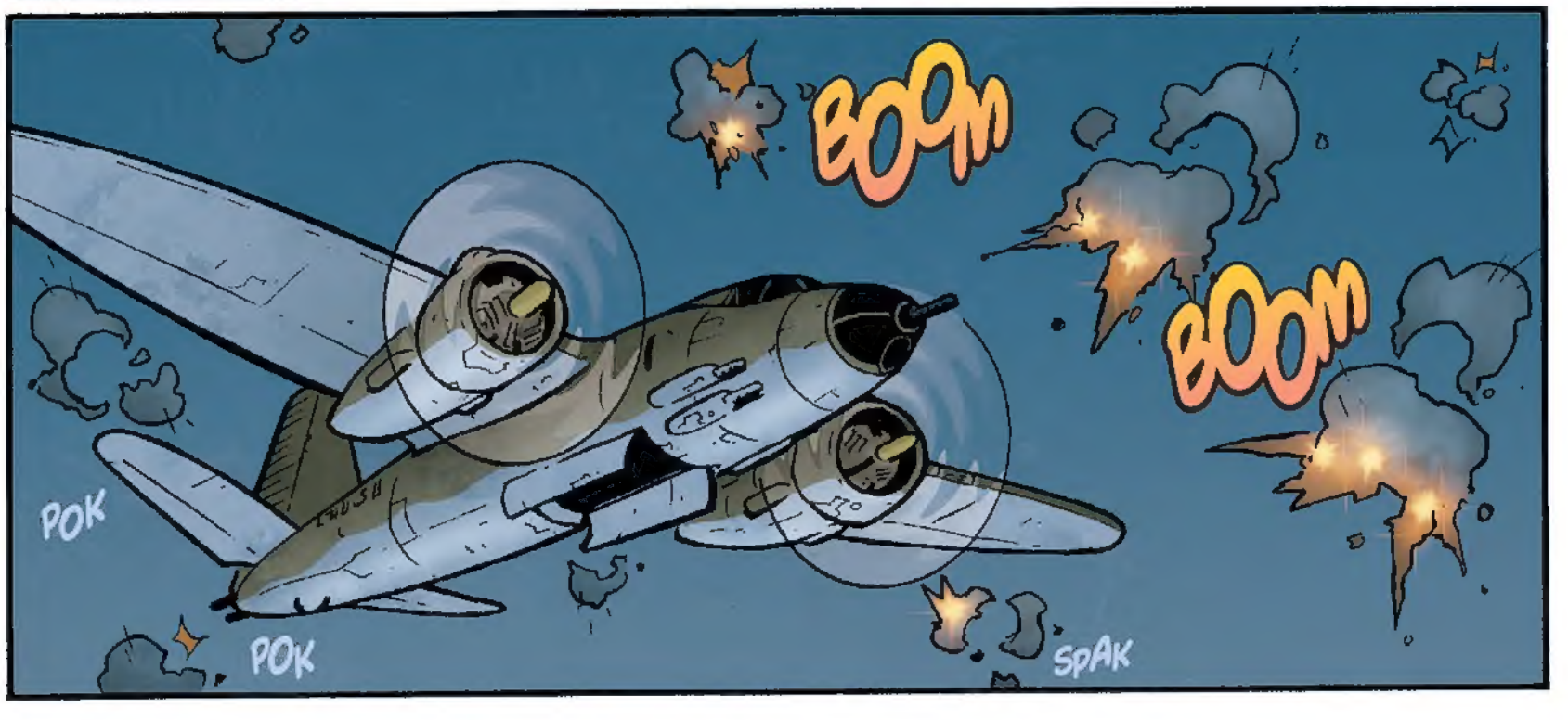
YOU SURE THIS PARACHUTE'S GONNA WORK? I WEIGH A QUARTER OF A TON.

FROM WHAT I HEARD OF YOUR FLYING IN CHINA, IT WON'T MATTER MUCH, SIR.


THREE DAYS PREVIOUS, EL ALAMEIN, AFRICA
THEY CALL IT THE "LAUFPANZER." IT'S MECHANIZED ARMOR. A WALKING TANK. A HALF DOZEN OF THESE THINGS STALLED AN ENTIRE BATTALION ON THE EASTERN FRONT.
THE NAZI RETREAT IN AFRICA DIVERTED THEM TO SICILY. THEY CAN AFFORD TO LOSE GROUND TO RUSSIA, BUT IF THEY LOSE SICILY, THEY LOSE THE MEDITERRANEAN.
AND THE WAR.
US
SICILY
YOU ARE TO BE AIR DROPPED VIA AN UNMARKED A-20 DIRECTLY INTO THE ASSEMBLY AREA CONCURRENT TO THE INVASION OF SICILY.
YOUR PRIMARY OBJECTIVE IS TO NEUTRALIZE THESE MACHINES FOR OUR BOYS ON THE COAST. US ANY MEANS NECESSARY.
WHAT AM I UP AGAINST?
PROBABLY VERY LITTLE. THE LAUFPANZERS WERE RUSHED TO SICILY WITH A SKELETON CREW.
YOU'LL LAND WITHIN MOMENTS OF THE INVASION, THE NAZIS WON'T KNOW IF THEY'RE COMING OR GOING. YOU CAN PROBABLY DESTROY THESE THINGS WHILE THEY'RE STILL IN THE GARAGES.

WE'RE OVER THE FLEET NOW, SIR. BEGINNING OUR DESCENT.


WUH-THOOM


BOOM
BOOM
POK
POK
SPAK

SKROOOM
HOLY HELL, ENGINE TWO IS OUT!
I GOT IT, I GOT IT. ROBO, WE CAN GET YOU OVER LAND, BUT THAT'S ALL I CAN GUARANTEE.
BOOM
SPAK
POK
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, JUST LAND THIS BIRD AND WE'LL GET YOU TO SAFETY!
HOLD YOUR FIRE, THAT'S ONE OF OURS!
PLOK
SIR, YOU WILL JUMP OUT OF THIS PLANE OR I WILL PUSH YOU OUT.
POW

LANDMARKS, LANDMARKS...

POOM

POOM

GOTTA FIND A BARN BY A HILL.

OF COURSE, THE WHOLE ISLAND IS NOTHING **BUT** BARNS AND HILLS...

SKRASH

FOUND IT.
JUST THREE MILES EAST.

SIR! THEY'RE COMING FROM THE SOUTH.

THEY?

THE ALLIES, SIR. THEY'RE SWARMING THE SOUTHERN REGION. REPORTS ARE COMING IN FROM LICATA TO SYRACUSE.

THAT'S UNFORTUNATE.

YOUR ORDERS?

SHRP

KTINK

SIR?

MOBILIZE THE LAUFPANZERS, OF COURSE. THIS IS WHY THEY ARE HERE.

AT ONCE!

SCOGLITTI BEACH

LET'S GO, GO, GO!

BOOM

H53

BOOM

CHATTACHATTA

FOLEY! I WANT THIRD SQUAD'S MACHINEGUNS SET UP BEHIND THAT DUNE. GET ME SOME SUPPRESSIVE FIRE!

CHATTA CHATTA

-URK-

U.S

RELOADING!
POW
POW
DUFF
BANG
DOK
THE REST OF YOU ON ME! WE ARE FLANKING LEFT. MANEUVER AND FIRE!
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA

THINK WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS ONE?
NOT A CHANCE.
GOOD, I HAD A STUPID IDEA.
CHATTA CHATTA
PWING
GET KILLED ALL YOU WANT, YOU STILL OWE ME A TEN SPOT.
BRAKKA BRAKKA
YOU'LL HAVE TO COME OUT HERE TO COLLECT.
CHE?
BA-BOOOM
MEN, *MOVE UP!*

AS SOON AS THIS SHIFT IS OVER, I'M GOING TO SLEEP FOR A *WEEK.*

I WOULD *PAY* TO SEE YOU TELL SKORZENY THAT.

WHAT HE DOESN'T FIND OUT WON'T GET ME KILLED.

STUFF IT, FRITZ.

KLUD

OOF!

STOP, OR I'LL--

U.S.

AUGH!

KTUNK

MAJOR SKORZENY--

HOW'D THEY GET HERE SO FAST?!

BOOM

BRAKKA BRAKKA

SHOOT, SHOOT!

HRK!

--I THINK WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

WHAT *WOULD* HITLER DO WITHOUT YOU, KLAUS?

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

U.S.

SDOW

PWANG

SDANG

QUICKLY, QUICKLY!

GALLETTE

GRANK

THOOMP

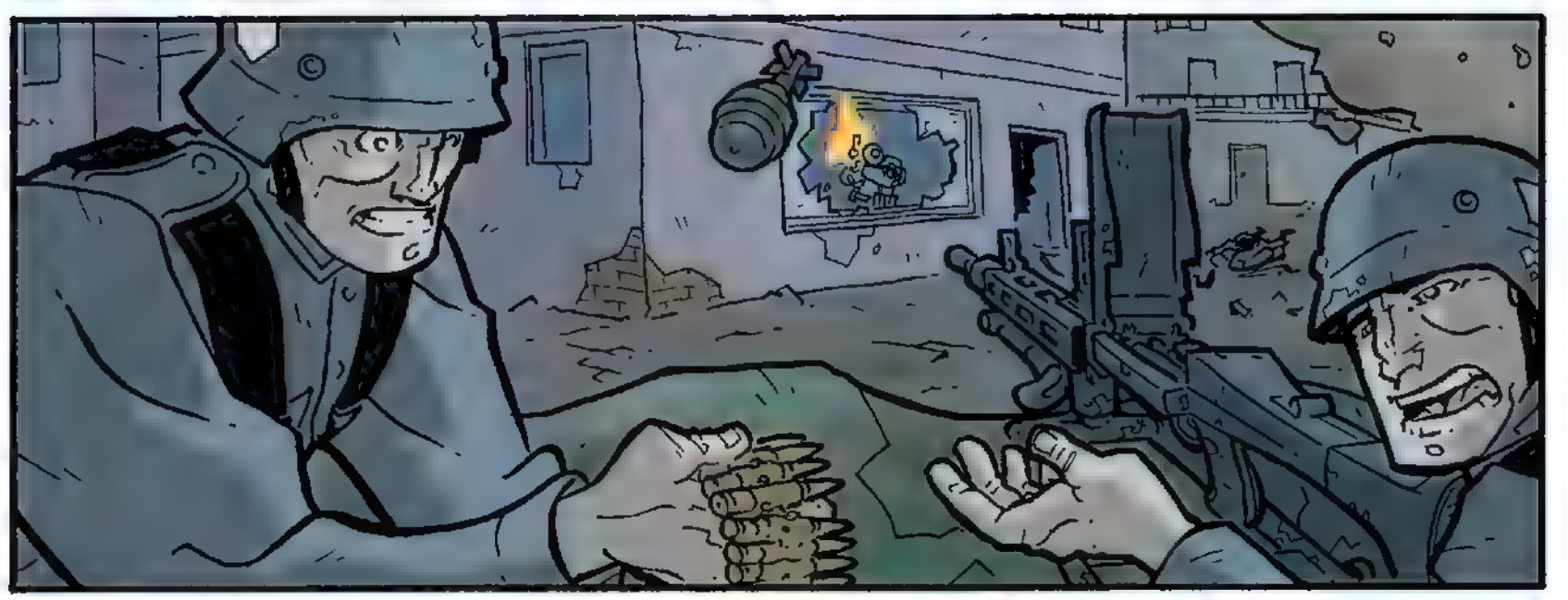
OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT.
BA-BOOM
I MISSED!
HOW COULD YOU MISS? HE DIDN'T SEE US, DID HE?

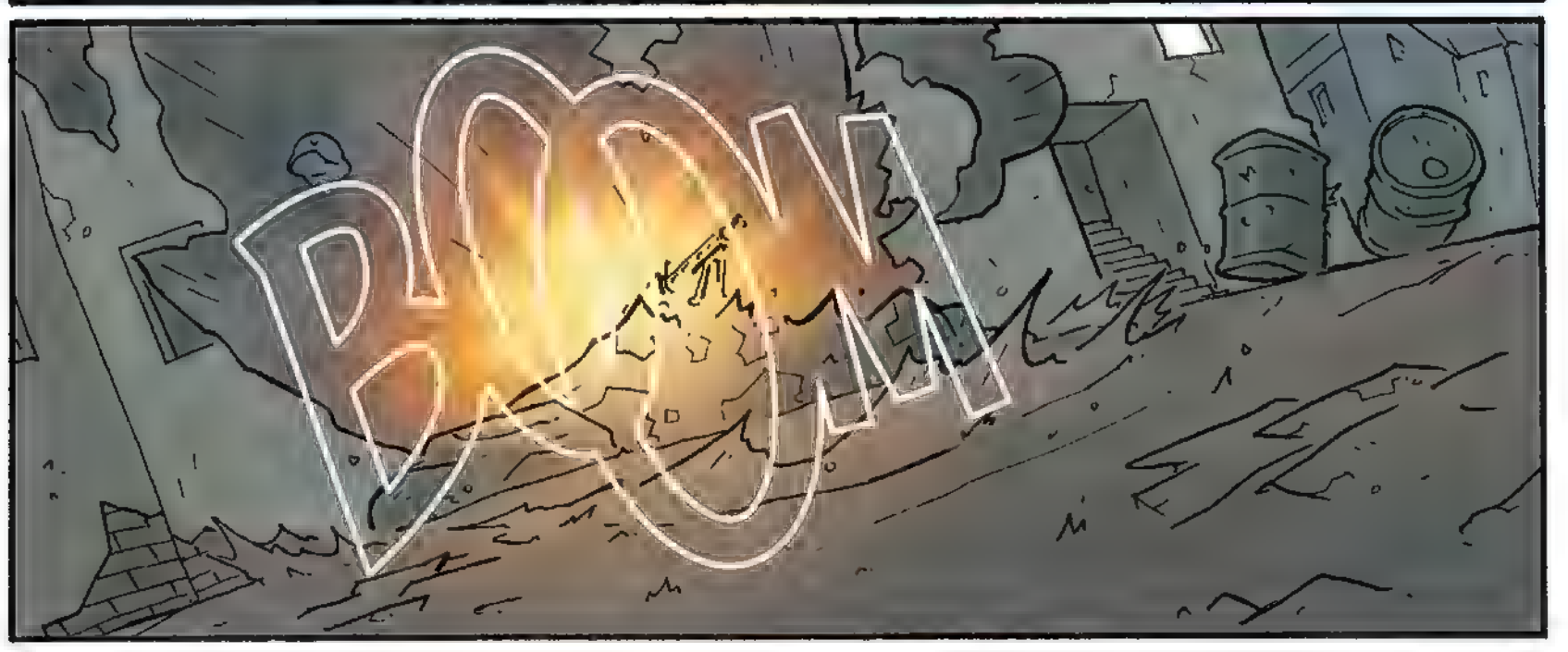
PANG
KRSH
TOK
BUDDABUDDA
BRAKKA
KRSH

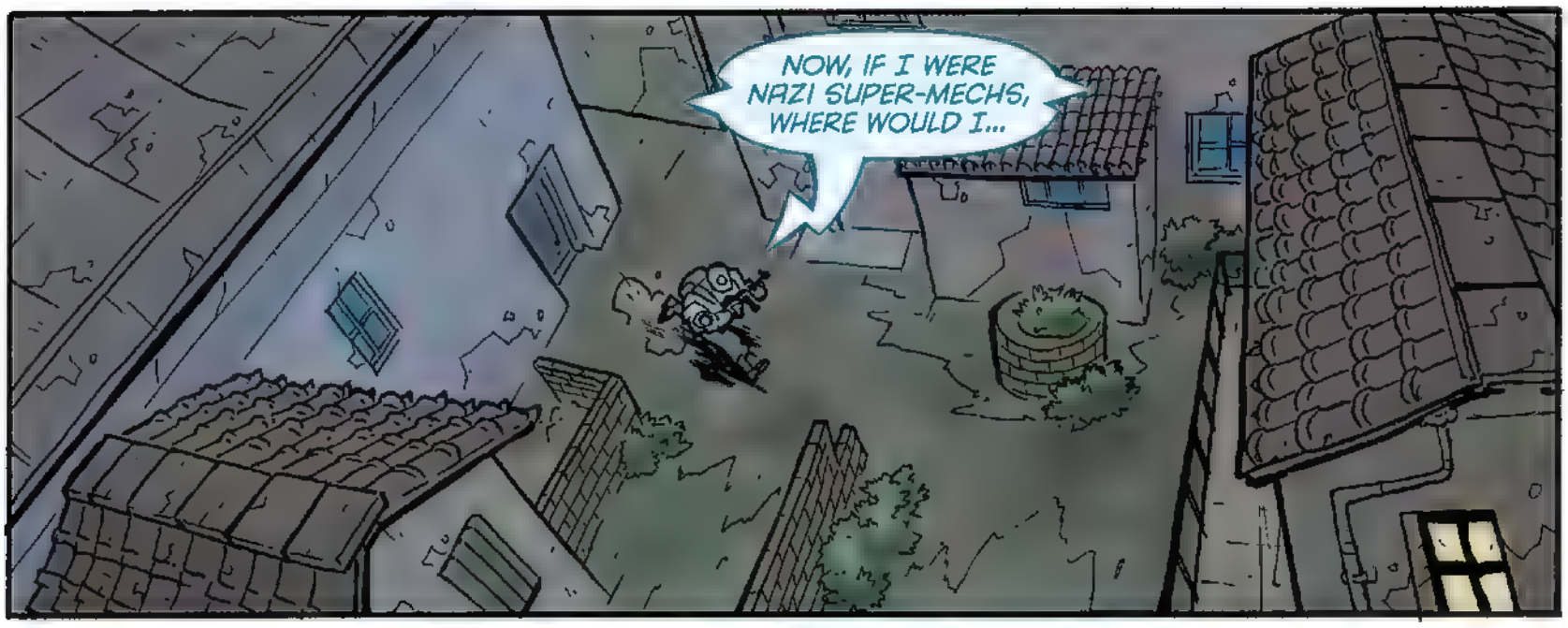
FWAM

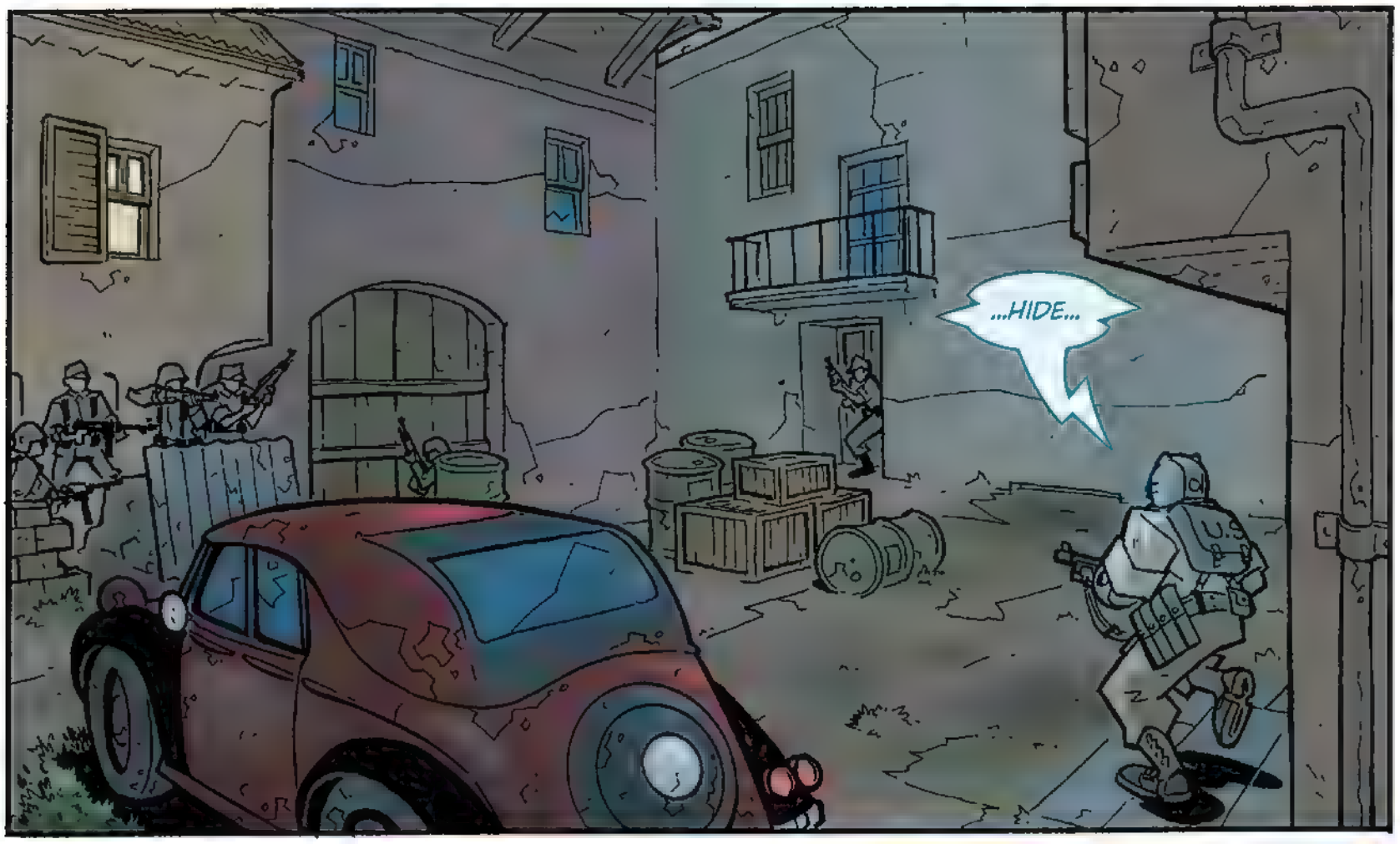
FASTER, DAMMIT!

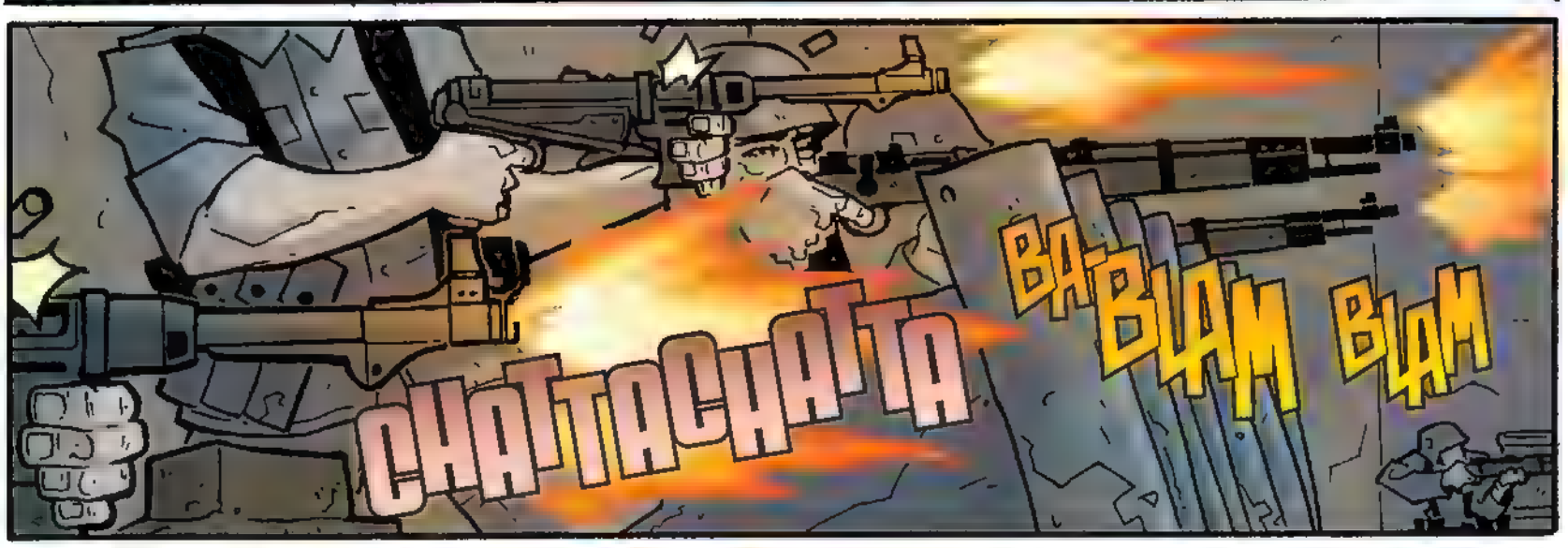
HELLO...

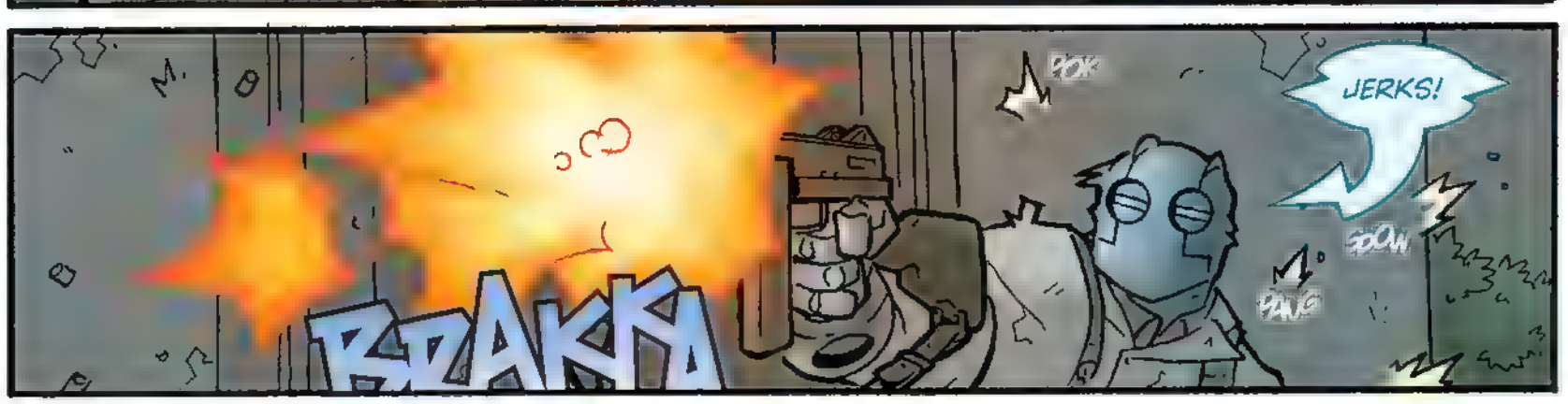





NOW, IF I WERE NAZI SUPER-MECHS, WHERE WOULD I...


...HIDE...


CHATTACHATTA
BA-BLAM BLAM


BRAKKA
POK
JERKS!
BOOM
BANG

KSH
KRSH
SPANG
SPOW
TOK
SURE, KEEP SHOOTING...
...THAT'LL MAKE THINGS BETTER.
BRAKKA BRAKKA
MY EYE!
FWAM
KLONK
CHATTACHATTA
OVER YOU GO, FRITZ!

SKRACK

NEVER SEEN TRANSPORT TRUCKS LIKE THESE.

TOK!

SWELL.

BOOM

AUGH!

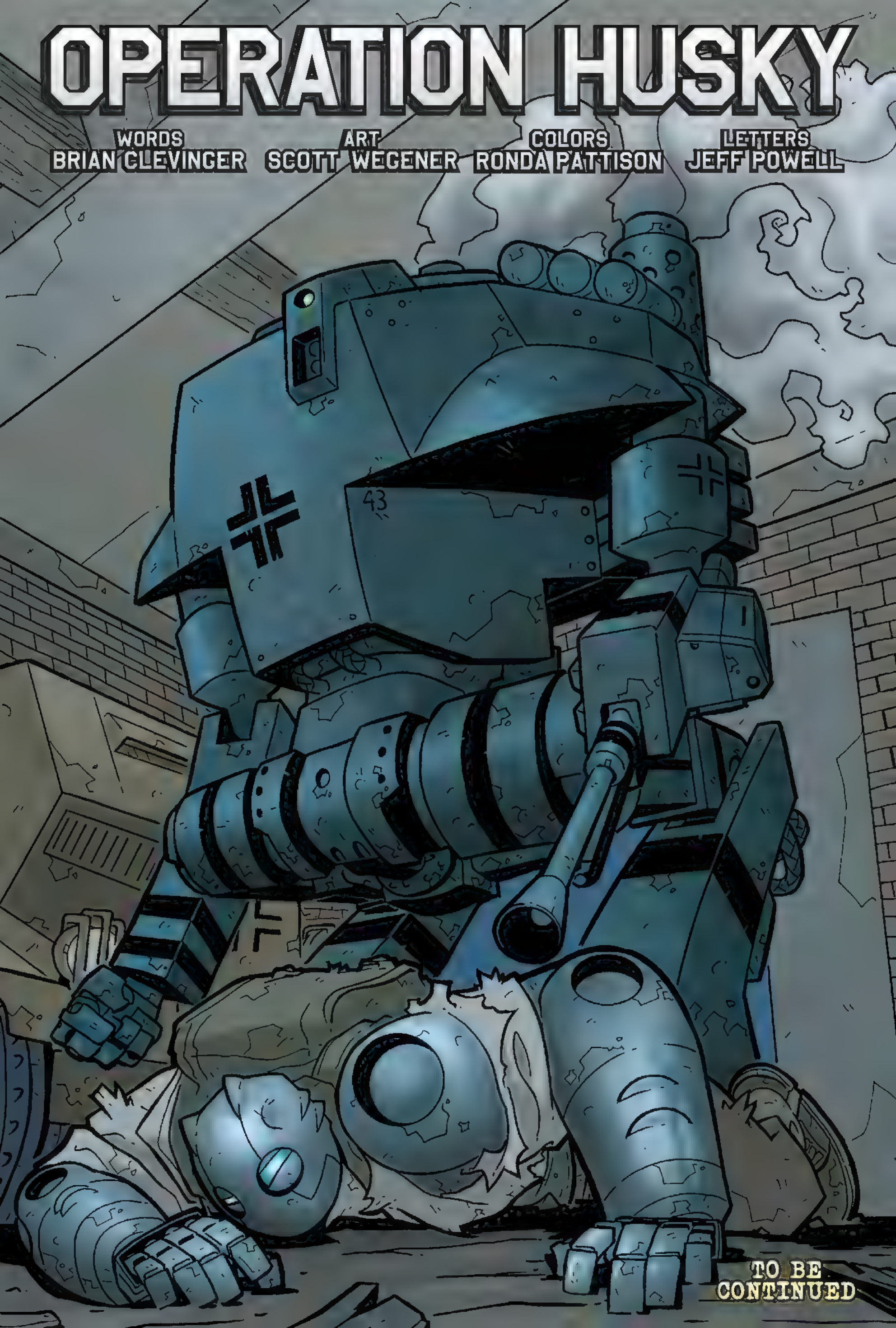
OPERATION HUSKY

WORDS
BRIAN CLEVINGER

ART
SCOTT WEGENER

COLORS
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERS
JEFF POWELL



YOU MUST BE THE ATOMIC ROBOT THEY'RE SO PROUD OF.

AND YOU MUST BE THE MOOK I'M ABOUT TO PUNCH THROUGH A WALL.

HARDLY. I AM OTTO SKORZENY. YOUR INVASION IS OVER.

IS THAT A FACT?

YES, ACTUALLY. THE MACHINES YOU WERE ***UNDOUBTEDLY*** SENT TO DESTROY LEFT FOR THE BEACH SOME TIME AGO.

KLONG

EXCEPT FOR *THAT* ONE.

The Dogs of War
Chapter 2
And Then There's the Robots

SCOGLITTI BEACH

We landed in Sicily today.

P37

POOM

POOM

OPERATION HUSKY

POOM

SPAK

SPAK

U.S.

U.S.

It's probably a beautiful country here, but I hope to never see it again.

10 JULY 1943

I try not to scare you when I write these letters, but sometimes it's hard to find what to say that isn't scary.

BUDDA BUDDA

BUDDA BUDDA

BRAKKA BRAKKA

PAK

BRAKKA BRAKKA

U.S.

U.S.

War is like a thing you can't imagine.

SPAK

SPAK

BUDDA BUDDA

DAMN

BOOM

SKRASH

WRR THUNK WRR THUNK

EV, WHAT IN THE *HELL* ARE WE LOOKIN' AT?

WRR

FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO...

MY LAUFPANZERS WILL REACH THE FRONT IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. *THIS* ONE WILL KILL YOU BEFORE JOINING THEM. YOUR INVASION IS *OVER.*

DON'T BE THICK, SKORZENY. HASN'T IT OCCURRED TO YOU THAT I'M MORE VALUABLE ALIVE THAN DEAD?

DO YOU THINK THEY'D SEND ME HERE WITHOUT GIVING ME THE BIG PICTURE? HELL, I'M HERE AT FDR'S PERSONAL REQUEST. YOU COULD WIN THE WAR IN A MONTH USING WHAT I KNOW.

NO, I QUITE DOUBT THAT.

WENN ER NUR DIE *GERINGSTE* BEWEGUNG IN MEINE RICHTUNG MACHT, FEUERN SIE AUF IHN. HÖREN SIE *NICHT* AUF ZU FEUERN, BIS ICH DEN BEFEHL DAZU GEBE.

JAWOHL, OBERST!

I HAVE INSTRUCTED HIM TO DESTROY YOU IF YOU SO MUCH AS *THINK* ABOUT MOVING TOWARD ME.

FAIR ENOUGH.

NOW, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

AND THEN THERE'S THE ROBOTS

HOW TO ESCAPE!

KRASH

WORDS
BRIAN CLEVINGER

ART
SCOTT WEGENER

COLORS
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERS
JEFF POWELL

<BRING ME HIS *HEAD.* IN *PIECES.*>

CRASH!

THAT'LL BUY ME A COUPLE MINUTES.

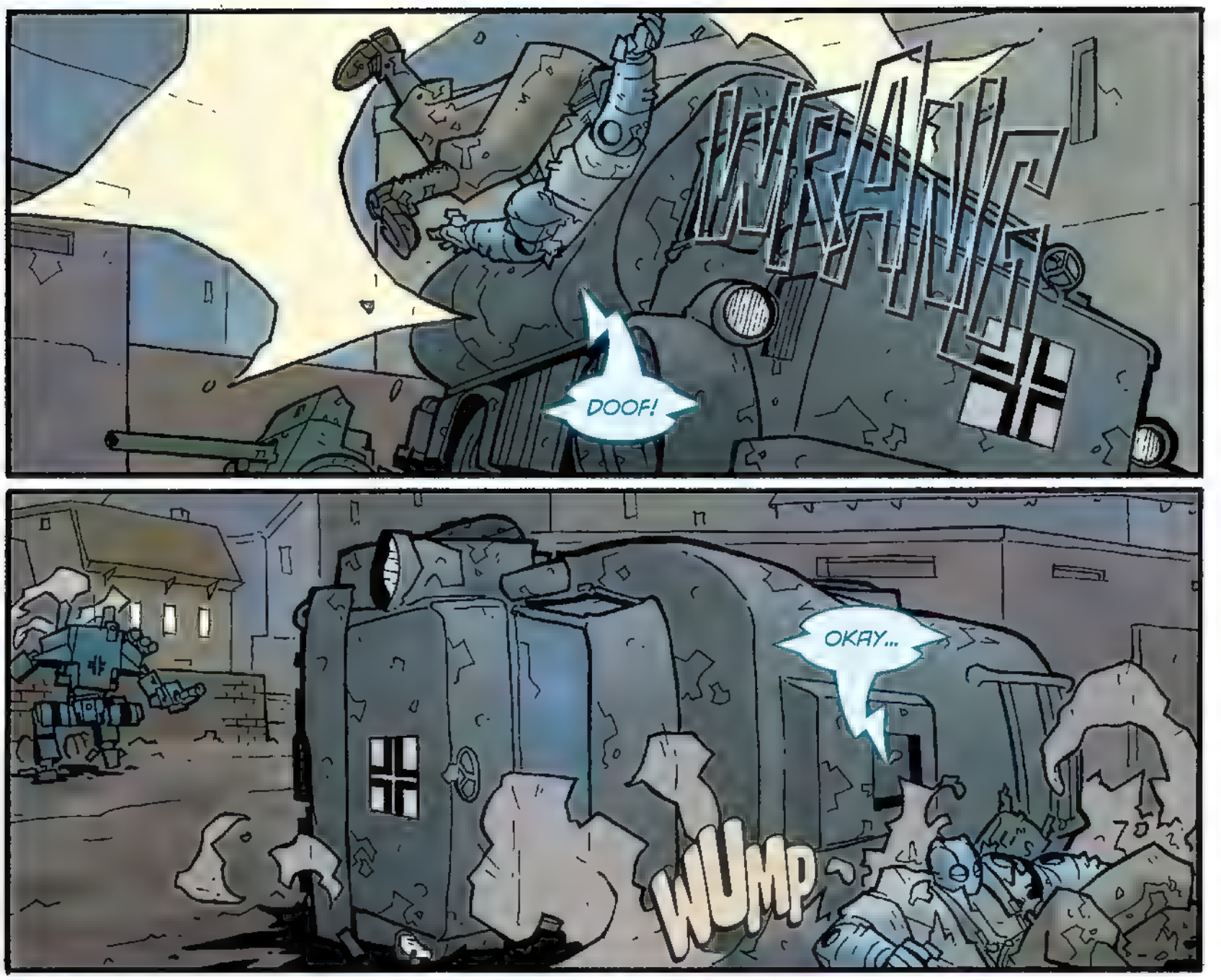
WHUD

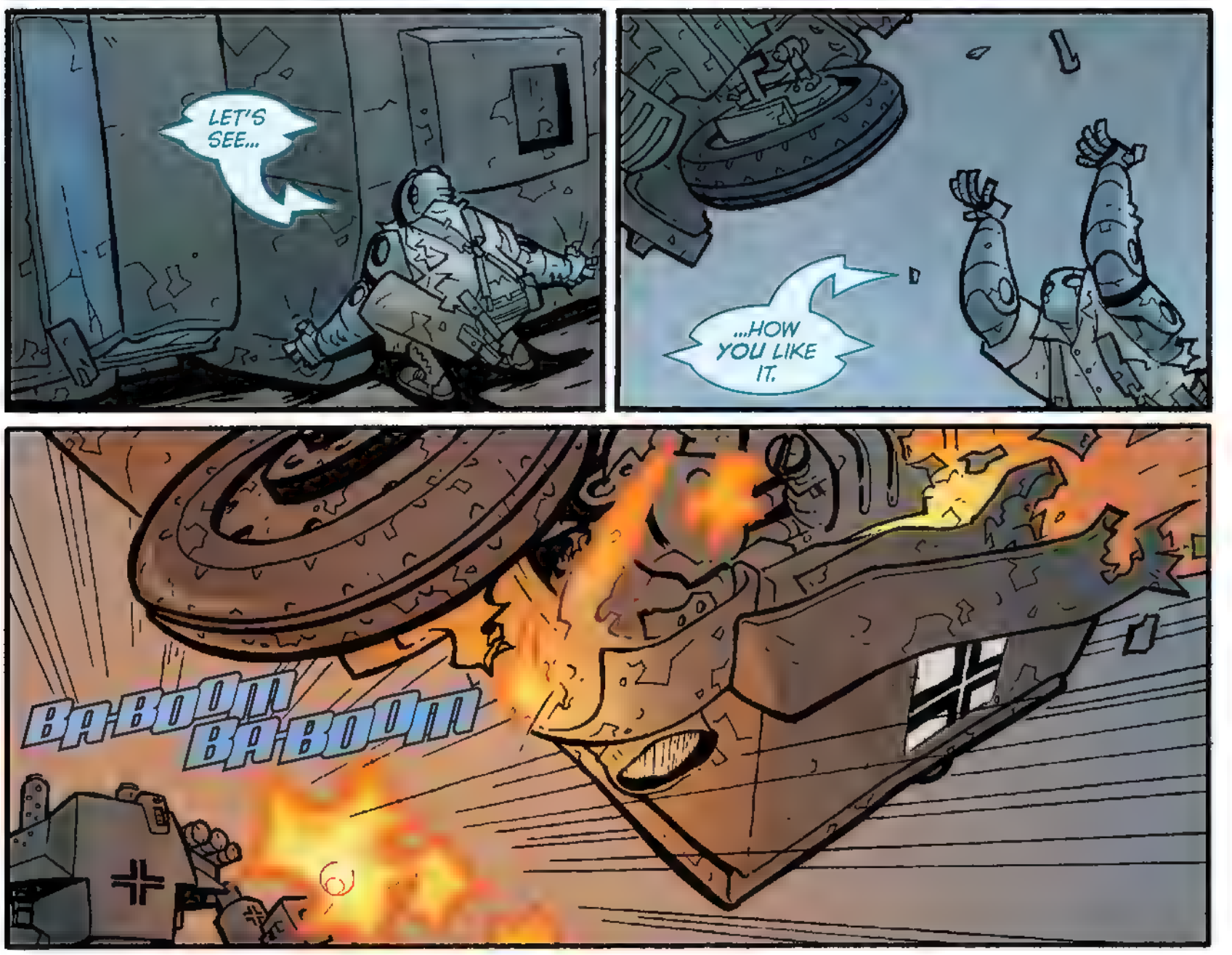
C'MON! THAT IS NOT FAIR.

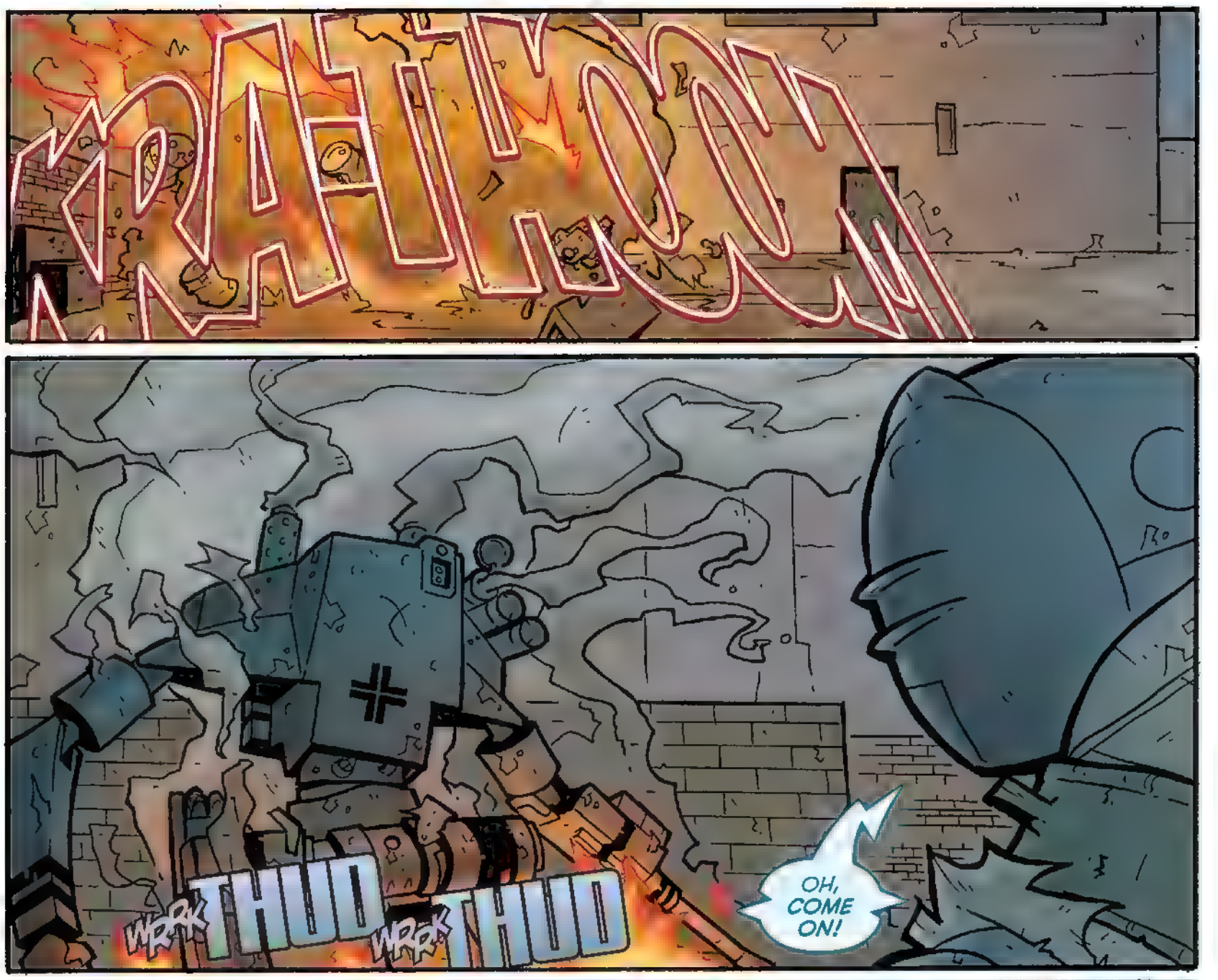
CHOOM

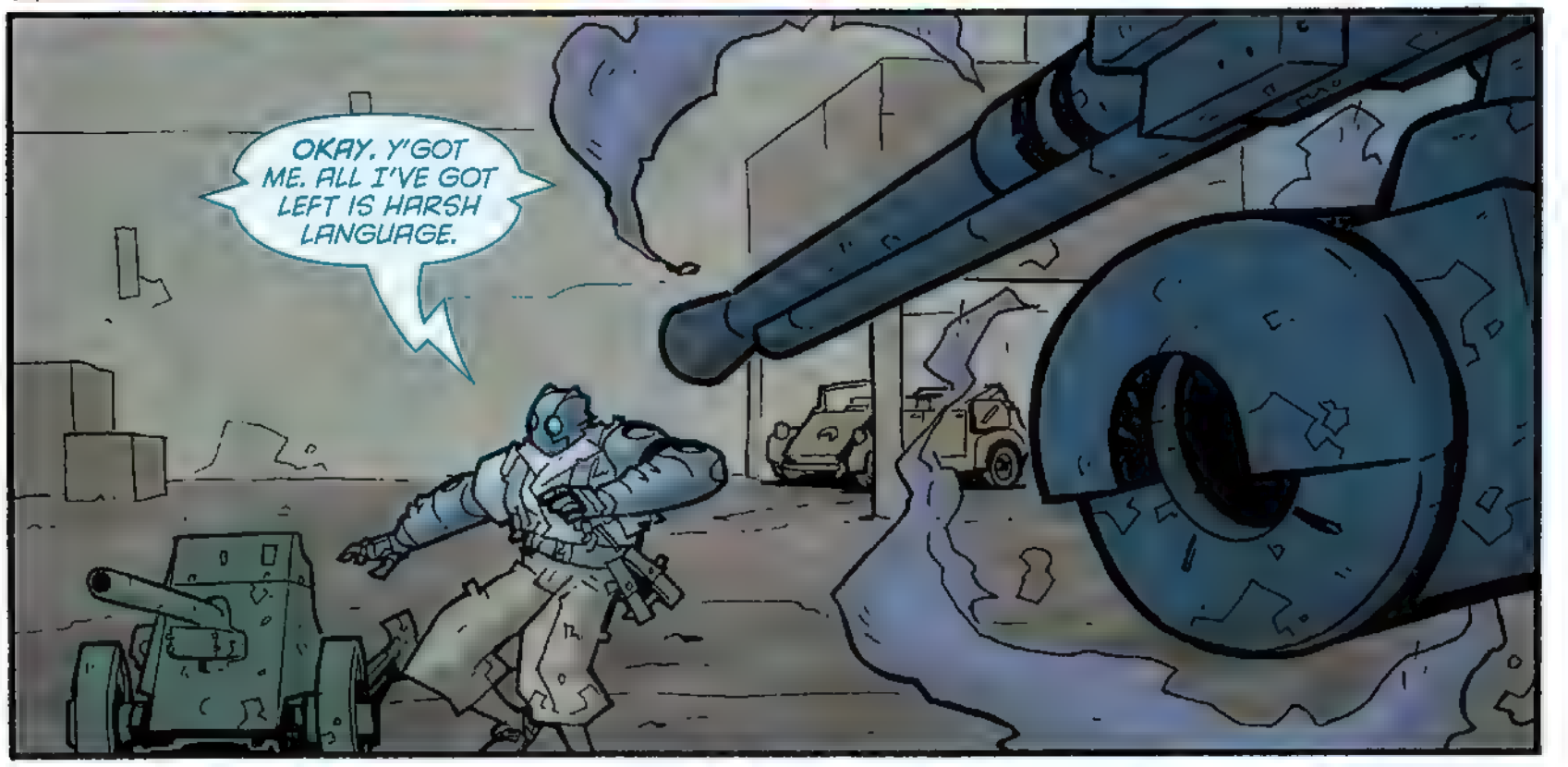
WWRR

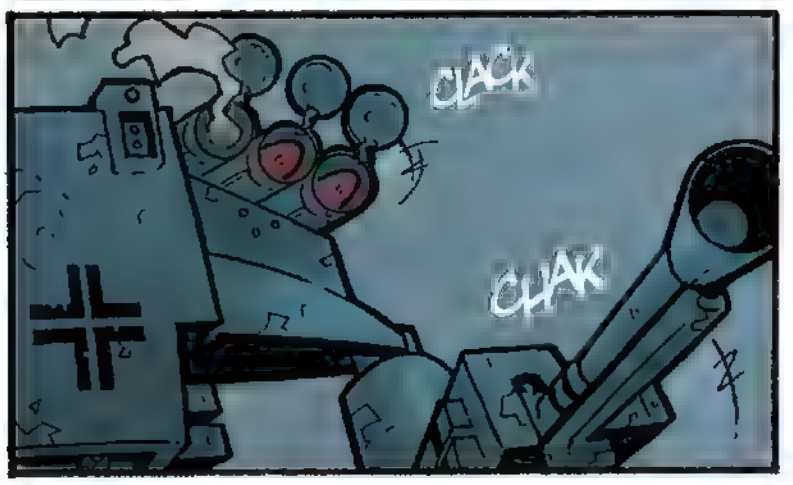
NEITHER IS THIS!

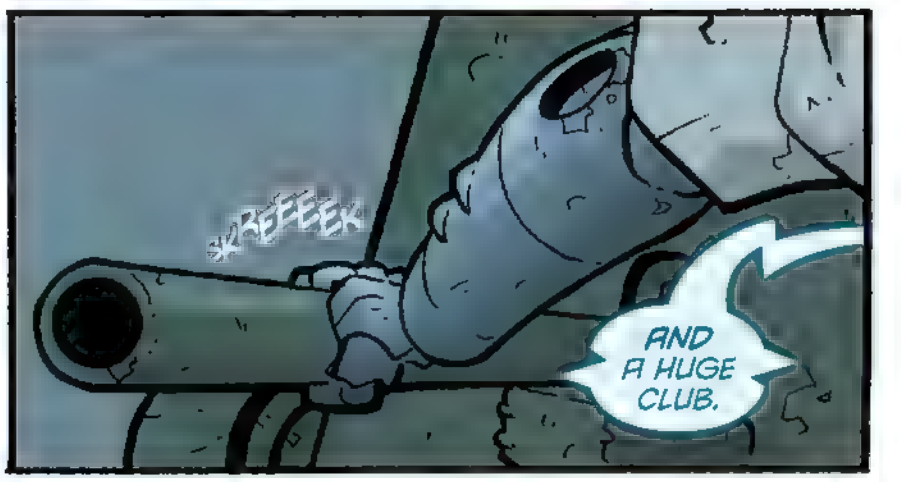

CRASH
DOOF!
OKAY...
WUMP


LET'S SEE...
...HOW YOU LIKE IT.
BA-BOOM
BA-BOOM


KRAKOOM
WRRK THUD WRRK THUD
OH, COME ON!


OKAY. Y'GOT ME. ALL I'VE GOT LEFT IS HARSH LANGUAGE.


CLACK
CHAK


SKREEEEK
AND A HUGE CLUB.

KLONG

<AUGH, THE HATCH IS JAMMED!>

ONE DOWN...

VWRVWRR THUD

<HELLO? IS ANYONE THERE?>

VRRUMMMMMM

SKREEEEEE

EY, WHAT IN THE *HELL* ARE WE LOOKIN' AT?

WRR THUNK WRR THUNK

HALTET IHN AUF!

FEUER!

YEAH, YEAH.

ACHTUNG!

HATTA HATTA

RAKKATAKKATAKKA

VRROOOOMMMM

THUNK

YA-HA!

VRRMMMMM

SKREEEERFEFE

WRR

ZWRRK

BEEP BEEEEP

IS THAT... IS *ATOMIC ROBO* DRIVING THAT CAR?

IT CAN BE *DOROTHY LAMOUR* FOR ALL I CARE...

...IT JUST SAVED OUR ASSES.

KRAFF

KBOOOM

KRANG

AND STAY DOWN!

WE'VE GOT MOVEMENT!

VRRT

I HATE YOU THE MOST!

SHOOM

I AM GOING TO SHOVE THIS SO FAR DOWN HIS COCKPIT...

...HE'LL HAVE TO OPEN THE GLOVEBOX TO USE THE BATHROOM!

HOLY...

WHRR

FOOM FA-FOOM

BOOM!

YOU DON'T THINK HE...

GOOD GOD, WHAT *IS* THAT THING...

WORRY ABOUT IT LATER.

BAZOOKAS, NOW!

BANG BANG

CHOOM

BANG

IT'S ON THE MOVE!

IT'S GOING FOR THE BEACH. MILLER, BLOW IT TO *HELL* WHEN IT LANDS.

NOT A CHANCE AT THIS RANGE. GOTTA GET UP CLOSE, SIR.

HANG ON!

583

SHRRRONK

CHATTA CHATTA CHATTA

SHREEEOOOSH

CHATTA CHATTA

?!

CHATTA CHATTA CHATTA

583

TAKE COVER!

POP

THUD

IT GOT MILLER, LIEUTENANT!

CHATTA CHATTA

PAF

THUD

THUD

THUD

DAMMIT.

GRENADES!

EVERYONE. COUNT OF THREE!

WRRK

THUD

BOOM

I SAID COUNT OF THREE, DAMMIT!

THAKKA RAKKA RAKKA

NICE SHOOTING, TEX!

IT'S SAM, SIR.

NO, YOU'RE TEX NOW.

SHOOT HIM AGAIN!

IT TAKES A MINUTE TO RELOAD.

THEN RAM IT! WE GOTTA TAKE IT OUT BEFORE HE GOES MOBILE AGAIN!

VAS?

VWRR

KA-TUNK

KLUNK

BOOM BA-BOOM BOOM BOOM

VRWRRWRR

HANG ON, BOYS.

HELLO, SUNSHINE.

FOOOM!!!

GET UP!

KLUD

WE'RE NOT THROUGH!

URRRGH...

I SAID GET UP!

NEIN!

AUGH!

OOF!

SPREKEN ZE *GUN?*

CHAK

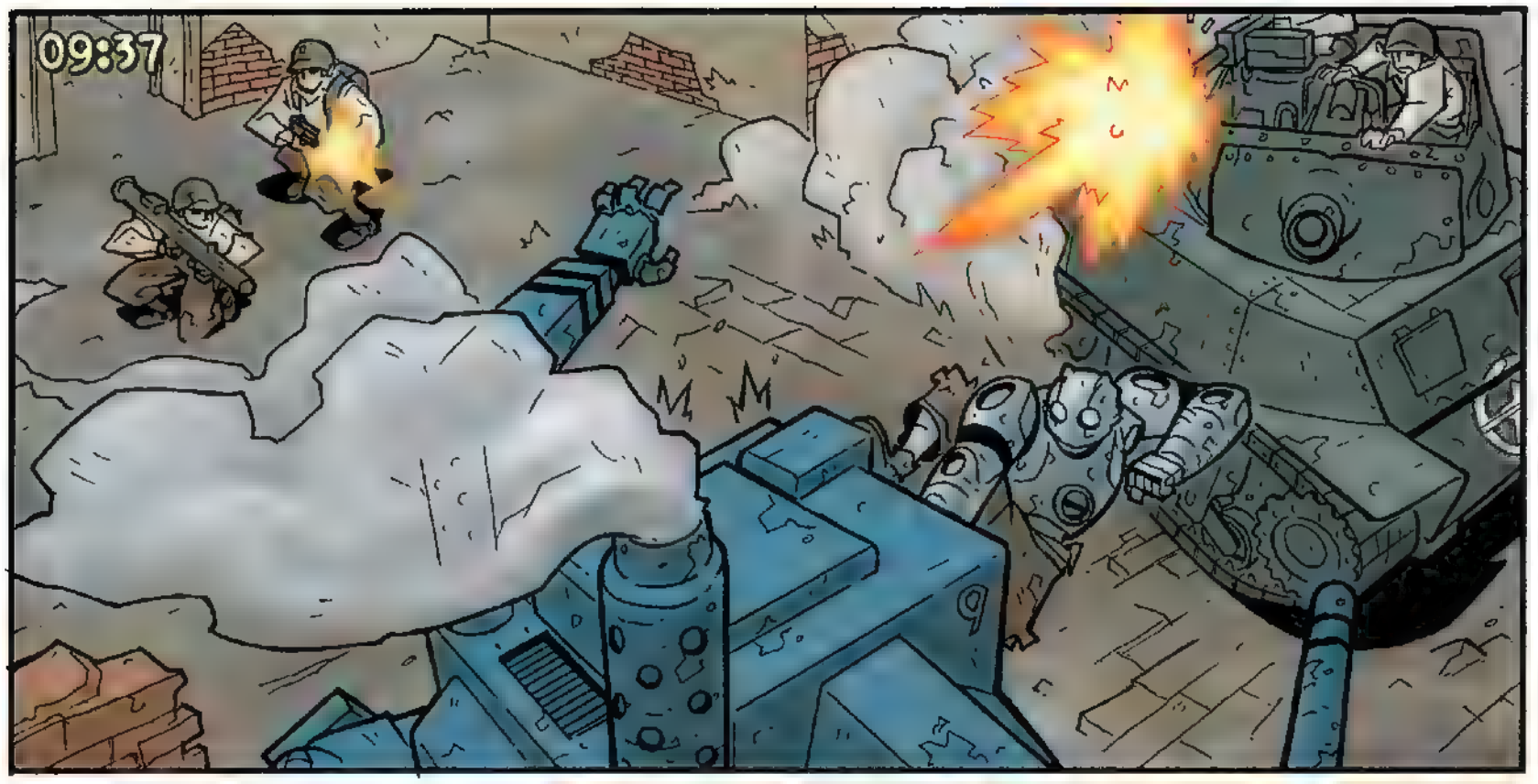
KA-CHAK

TWO DOWN.

'EY, ROBO! RADIO'S GOIN' *NUTS.* THERE'S MORE OF THESE THINGS. THEY'RE ALL OVER THE BEACHES!

JEB

OKAY. *HERE'S* THE PLAN...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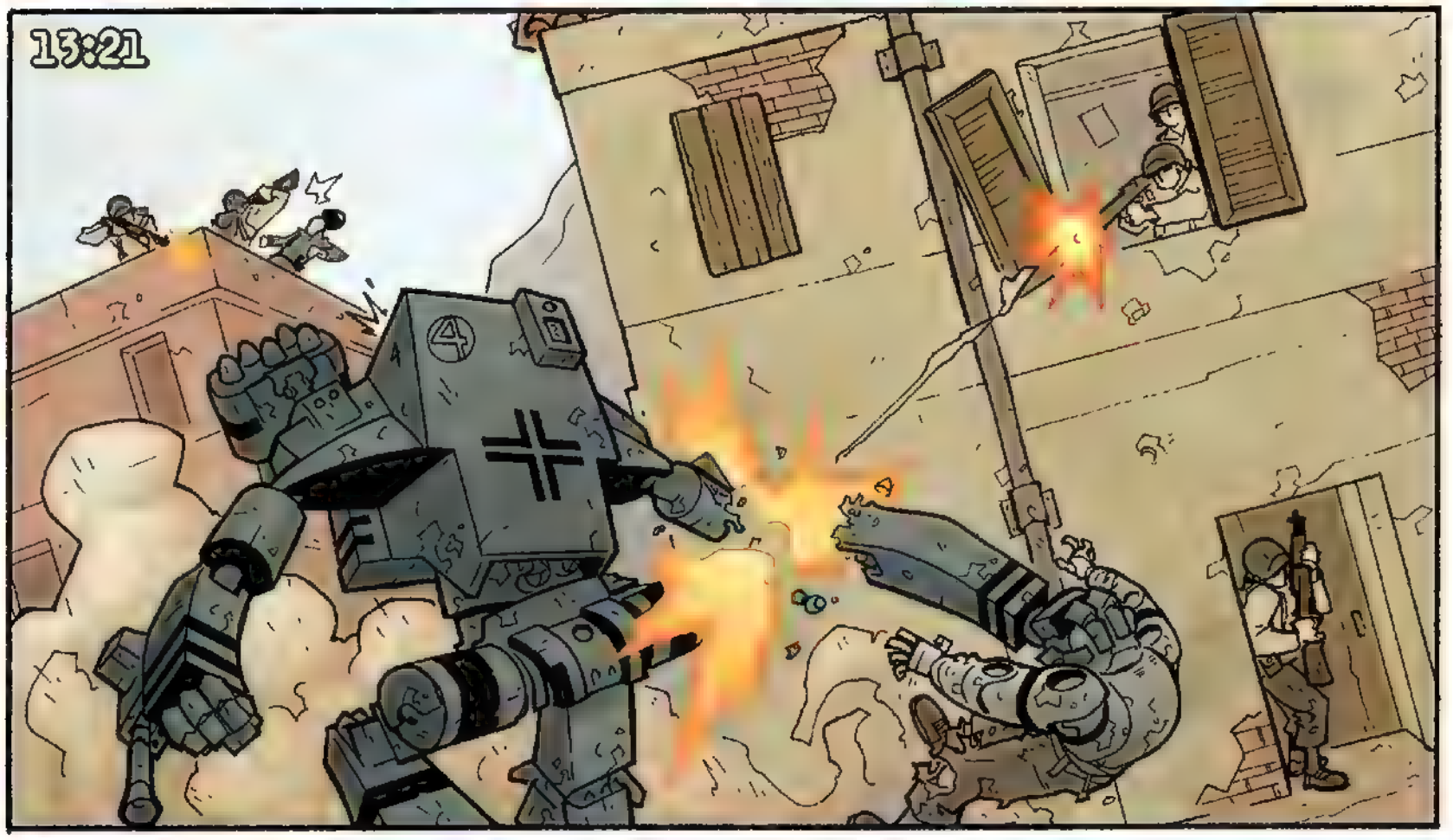
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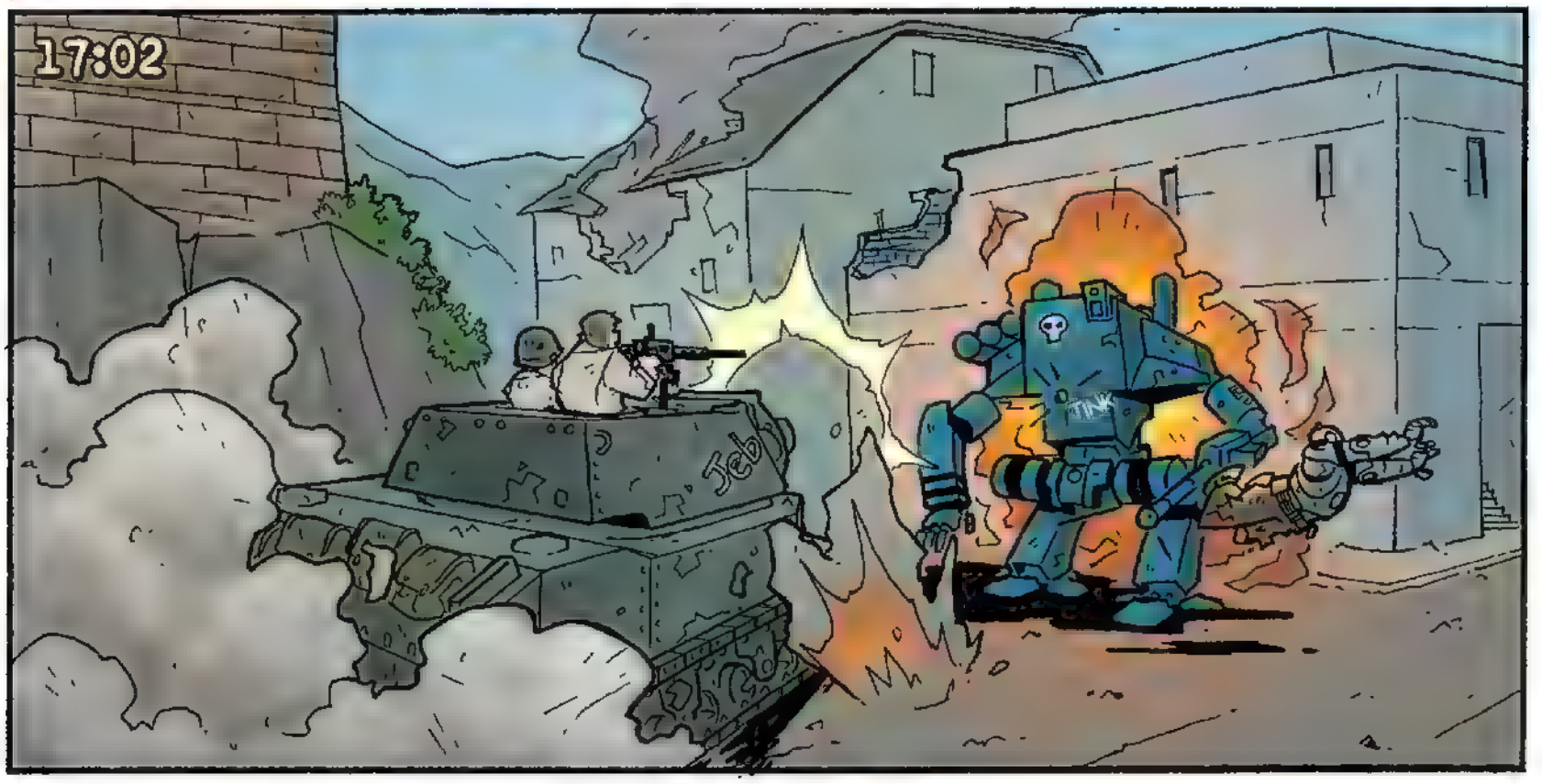
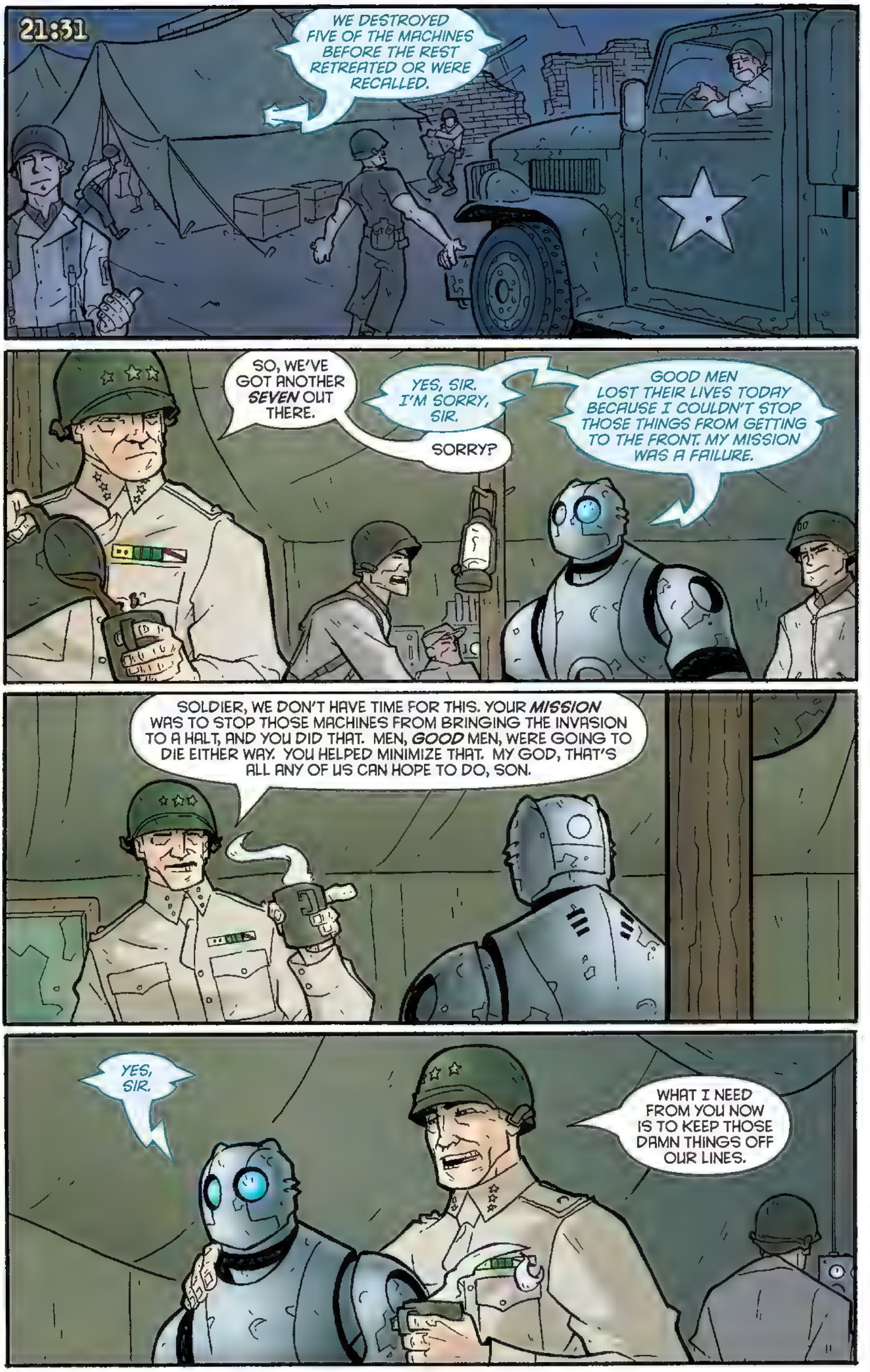

17:02
Jeb


21:31
WE DESTROYED FIVE OF THE MACHINES BEFORE THE REST RETREATED OR WERE RECALLED.
SO, WE'VE GOT ANOTHER SEVEN OUT THERE.
YES, SIR. I'M SORRY, SIR.
SORRY?
GOOD MEN LOST THEIR LIVES TODAY BECAUSE I COULDN'T STOP THOSE THINGS FROM GETTING TO THE FRONT. MY MISSION WAS A FAILURE.
SOLDIER, WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. YOUR MISSION WAS TO STOP THOSE MACHINES FROM BRINGING THE INVASION TO A HALT, AND YOU DID THAT. MEN, GOOD MEN, WERE GOING TO DIE EITHER WAY. YOU HELPED MINIMIZE THAT. MY GOD, THAT'S ALL ANY OF US CAN HOPE TO DO, SON.
YES, SIR.
WHAT I NEED FROM YOU NOW IS TO KEEP THOSE DAMN THINGS OFF OUR LINES.

Allie,

We landed in Sicily today. It's probably a beautiful country here, but I hope to never see it again. I try not to scare you when I write these letters, but sometimes it's hard to find [illegible]at to say that isn't scary. War is like a thing you can't imagine.

COMMAND WANTS ME TO HUNT DOWN THE REST OF THOSE MACHINES. KEEP THEM TOO BUSY OR TOO **DESTROYED** TO INTERRUPT THE ADVANCE.

COULDN'T THINK OF A BETTER MAN FOR THE JOB.

I'M NOT DOING IT ALONE, LIEUTENANT EVERETT.

I KNOW WHERE THIS IS GOING, DON'T I.

IF YOU DIDN'T WANT TO GET ROPED INTO THIS, YOU SHOULD'VE GOTTEN YOURSELF KILLED WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE.

YEAH, WHAT WAS I THINKING?

GET YOUR MEN TOGETHER AND REPORT TO ME AT 0500.

Allie,

We landed in Sicily today. It's probably a beautiful country here, but I hope to never see it again. I try not to scare you when I write these letters, but sometimes it's hard to find [illegible]t to say that isn't scary. War like a thing you can't imagine. And then there's the robots.

The Dogs of War
Chapter 3
Going Off Track

AUGUST 23, 1943
INDEPENDENT STATE OF CROATIA

<HITLER IS AN *IDIOT.*>

<PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO *DIE* FOR SAYING SUCH THINGS, VANADIS.>
<ONLY *PROVING* MY POINT.>
WORDS ART COLORS LETTERS
BRIAN CLEVINGER SCOTT WEGENER GOING OFF TRACK RONDA PATTISON JEFF POWELL

<ARIETTA. I AM GOING TO *MISS* HER.>
<THIS IS THE *LAST* TIME YOU'RE ALLOWED TO TALK ABOUT HER, BY THE WAY.>

<I MEAN, MY GOD, OTTO. A SINGLE *BATTALION* OF HELSINGARD'S LAUFPANZERS COULD HOLD ANY FRONT. BUT, *NO,* HITLER ORDERED A MERE *DOZEN* BUILT.>

<AND ONLY THREE REMAIN--*TWO* ARE STILL OPERATIONAL.>

<I'M GOING BACK THERE TO MARRY HER WHEN THE WAR IS OVER.>

<SHE DIDN'T KNOW YOUR *NAME.*>

<*HELL* OF A WAITRESS THOUGH.>

<"DON'T SMOKE AT THE CONTROLS," HE SAYS. "YOU'LL DAMAGE THE INSTRUMENTS," HE SAYS. WHAT A LOAD OF-->

<SEE? BUT THE FUEHRER IS SO *PARANOID* THAT INSTEAD OF WAR MACHINES, HE INVESTS *MILLIONS* INTO DR. VOGEL'S NEW ENIGMA DEVICE.>

<IS *THAT* WHAT HE'S BEEN WORKING ON?>

<IF YOU CAN CALL *EIGHT MONTHS* WITHOUT A FUNCTIONAL PROTOTYPE "WORK".>

<DO YOU EVEN REMEMBER THE NAME OF HER *VILLAGE*?>

<OF *COURSE*. WELL. NOT EXACTLY. VILLA SOMETHING, SOMETHING.>

<THEY'RE *ALL* VILLA SOMETHING SOMETHING!>

KONG

<IN THAT TIME I COULD HAVE PRODUCED AN *ARMY* OF SUPERMEN RATHER THAN THE CLUMSY *BEASTS* I'VE HAD TO COBBLE TOGETHER WITH FRANKLY *MEDIEVAL* EQUIPMENT.>

<THERE DOES SEEM TO BE A CERTAIN LACK OF *FOCUS* ACROSS THE WHOLE SPECIAL WEAPONS PROGRAM.>

<*PRECISELY.* OUR ASSETS ARE SPREAD TOO THIN.>

AUGH!

KRAKT

<HOW MANY PROJECTS *ARE* THERE? I HEARD TALK OF A V-4 PROJECT?>
<THE V-2 IS HARDLY IN ITS *PROTOTYPE* PHASE!>

<HITLER'S RECKLESS SPENDING HAS ENSURED THIS IS NO LONGER A WAR GERMANY CAN WIN.>

<DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?>

47

B3-15A

<ONLY A *FOOL* WOULD NOT.>
<YET WE PRESS ON.>
<THEN WE TOO MUST BE FOOLS.>
<THEY KEPT YOU UP LATE TOO, EH?>
ER...
JAH.
<TO FOOLS AND THE PATHS THEY TAKE.>

SKRASH

SKRACK

$#¢@!

DON'T. MOVE.

SAYS YOU, NAZI BUGGER.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

PWANG

SON OF A--!

BOOM BOOM

THAT REALLY STINGS!

THIS IS WORKING OUT SURPRISINGLY WELL FOR US.

EVEN BETTER THAN PLANNED.

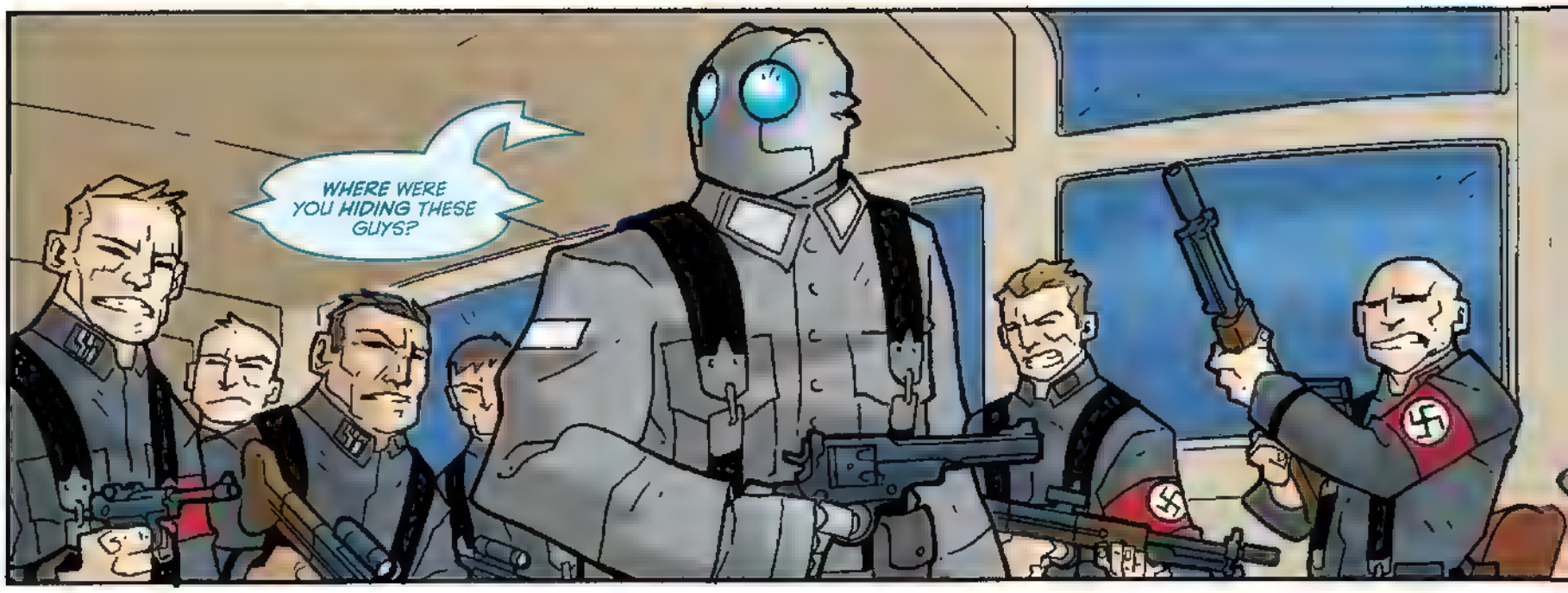
PLANNED?

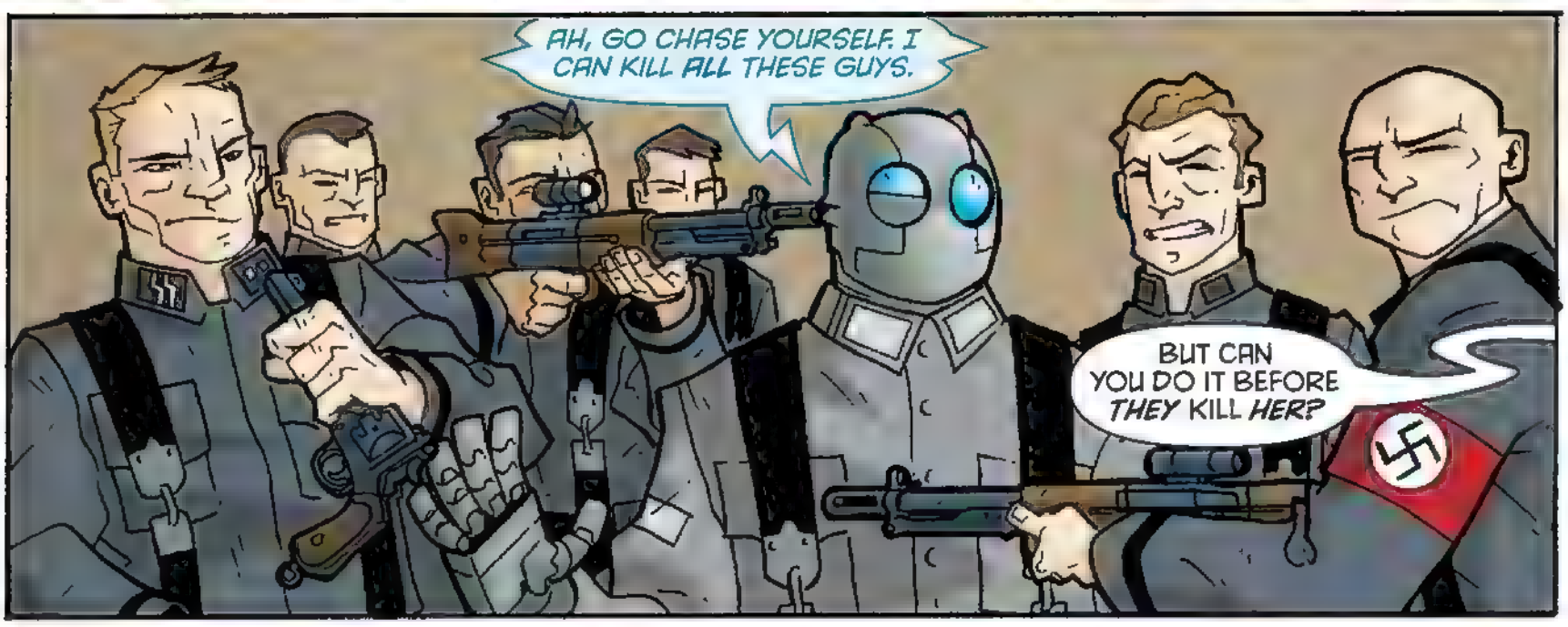
WHAT?

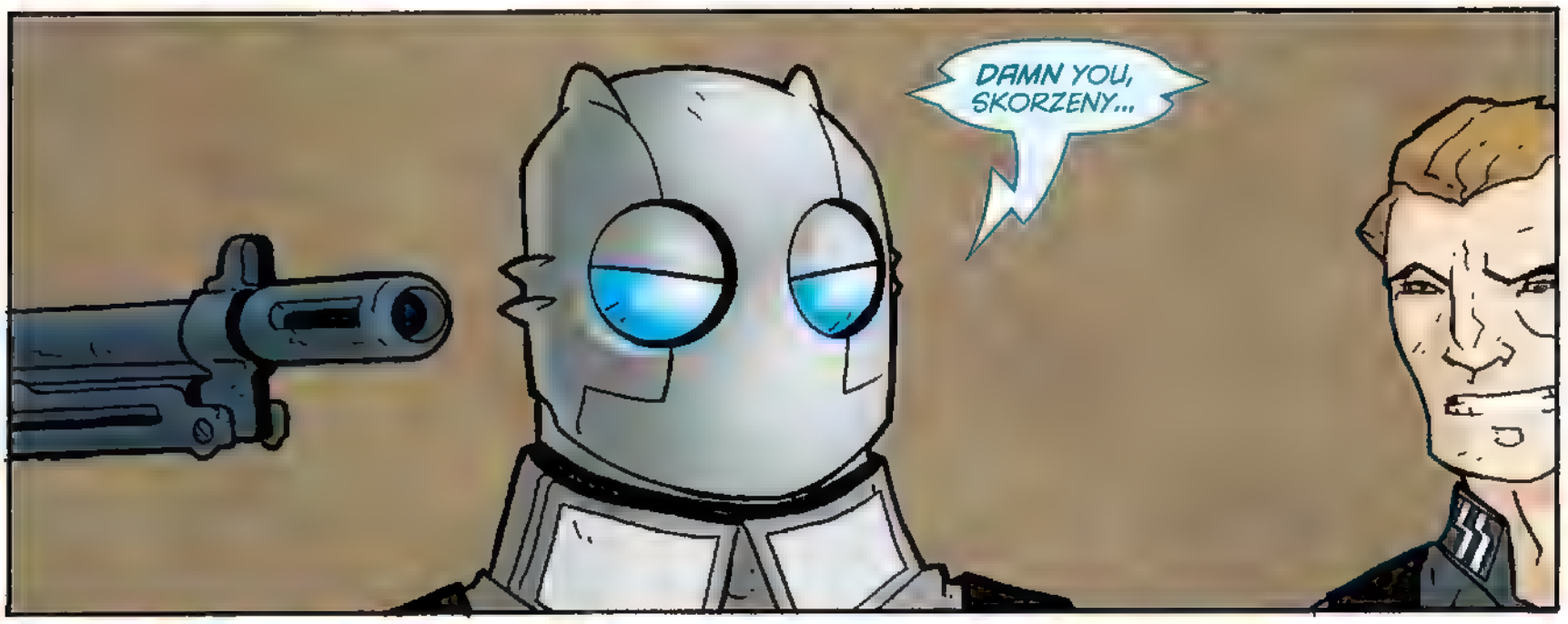
YOU'RE A ROBOT!

YOU'RE A DAME!

FASCINATING. DIE NOW.


WHERE WERE YOU HIDING THESE GUYS?


AH, GO CHASE YOURSELF. I CAN KILL ALL THESE GUYS.
BUT CAN YOU DO IT BEFORE THEY KILL HER?


DAMN YOU, SKORZENY...

BRRRAKKA
BAF

<I *TOLD* YOU SHE WAS DANGEROUS.>

<INDEED.>

SKRASH

<*NOW* WHAT?>

<NOTHING CHANGES.>

GIMME THAT GUN.

BRAKKADAKKA

<THOUGH I SUSPECT WE WILL RETURN WITH FEWER SOLDIERS THAN PLANNED.>

CHATTA CHATTA

WOH

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*

PYANG

SPKOW

HELPING.

SPOW

SPANG

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO *GO AFTER THEM!*

IT'S A TRAIN. I THINK WE'LL BE ABLE TO TRACK THEM DOWN.

NO, IT'S A TRAP.

SAK!

"THEY'RE GOING TO ONE OF THE REAR CARS. THEY'RE GOING TO DISENGAGE IT. THEY'RE GOING TO LET THE REST OF THE TRAIN, *INCLUDING US*, CRASH INTO A GORGE OR SOMETHING. IT'S STANDARD NAZI BASTARD PROCEDURE."

WHUD

DOINK

OH.

"OH"? BLOODY AMERICANS! *MY* MISSION'S ALL TO POT BECAUSE *YOU* HAD TO GET A TRAP SPRUNG ON YOURSELF. AND NOW *I'VE* GOT TO FIX IT FOR YOU!

NOW, HOLD ON. *YOU* FELL FOR THE TRAP TOO.

YES, A TRAP THAT *YOU*, AS A COVERT OPERATIVE, *SHOULD* HAVE ANTICIPATED AND DEFUSED BEFORE *EVER* SETTING FOOT ON THIS TRAIN!

BLAM BLAM

YOU COULD HAVE GONE AFTER THEM.

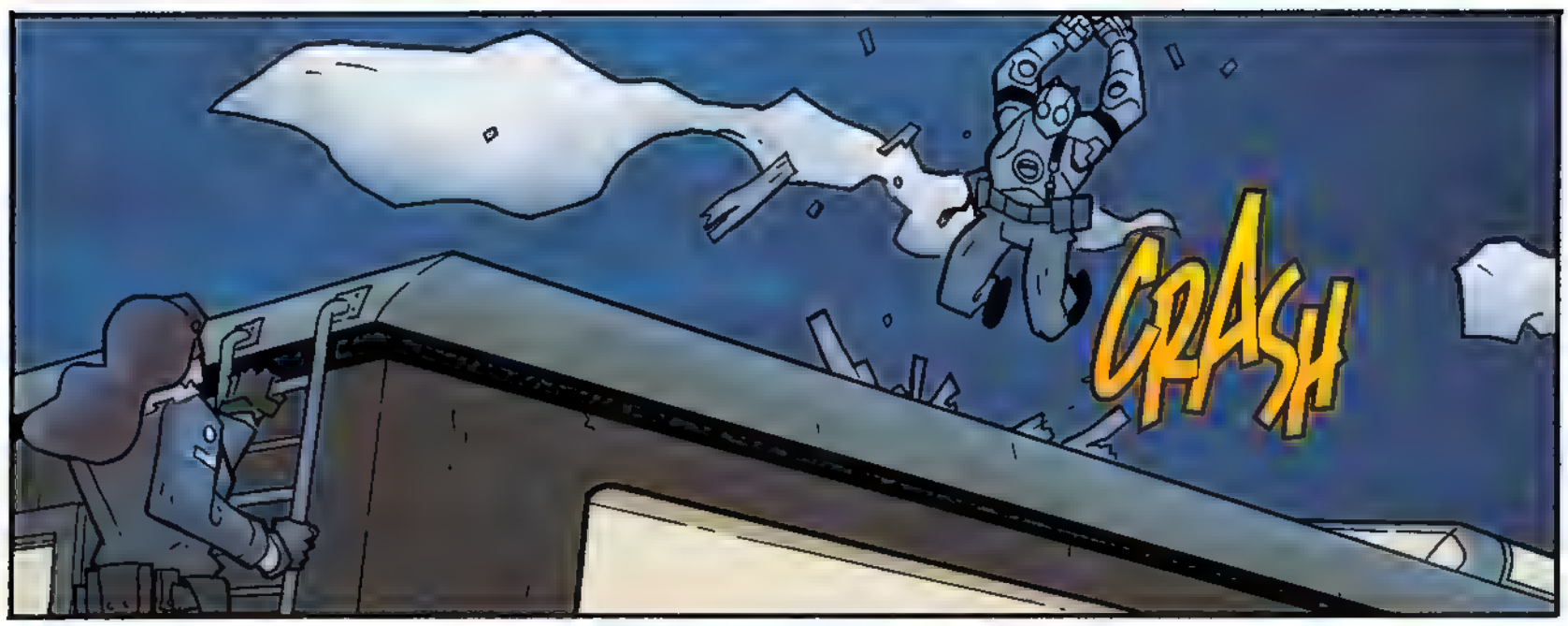
WHAT DO YOU *THINK* I'M DOING?

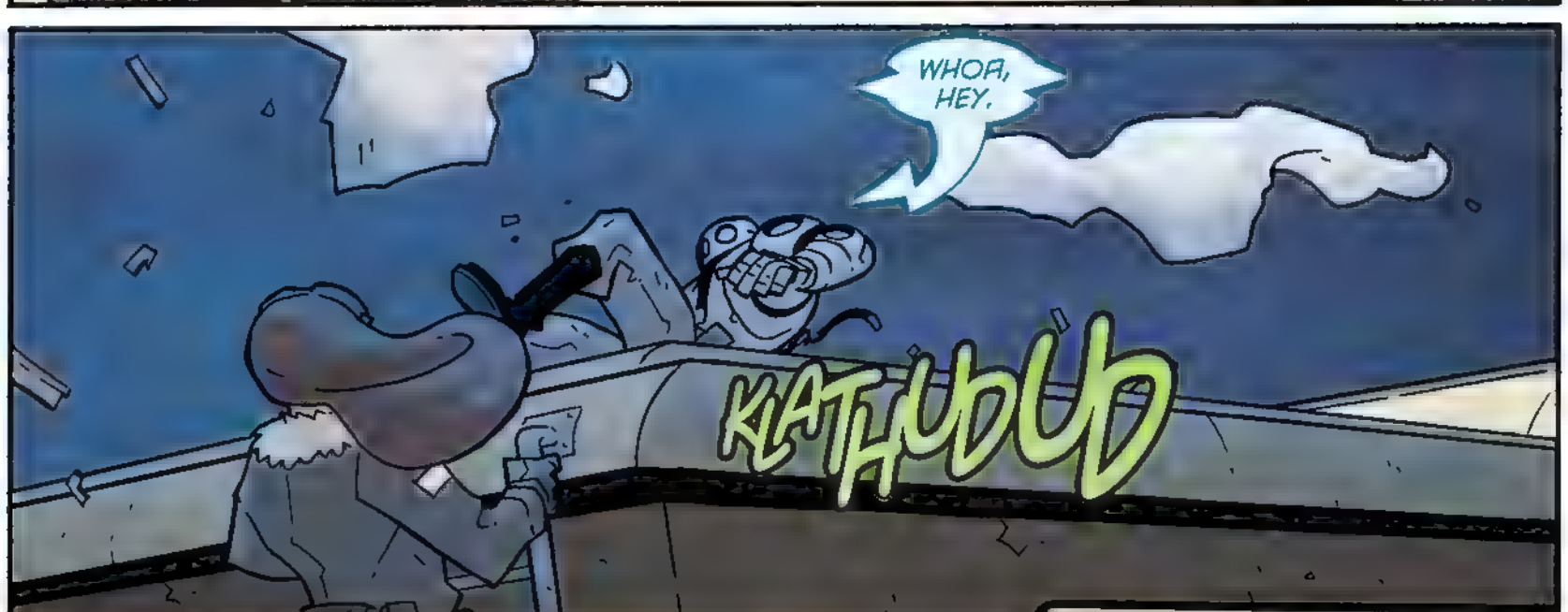
ANNOYING ME.

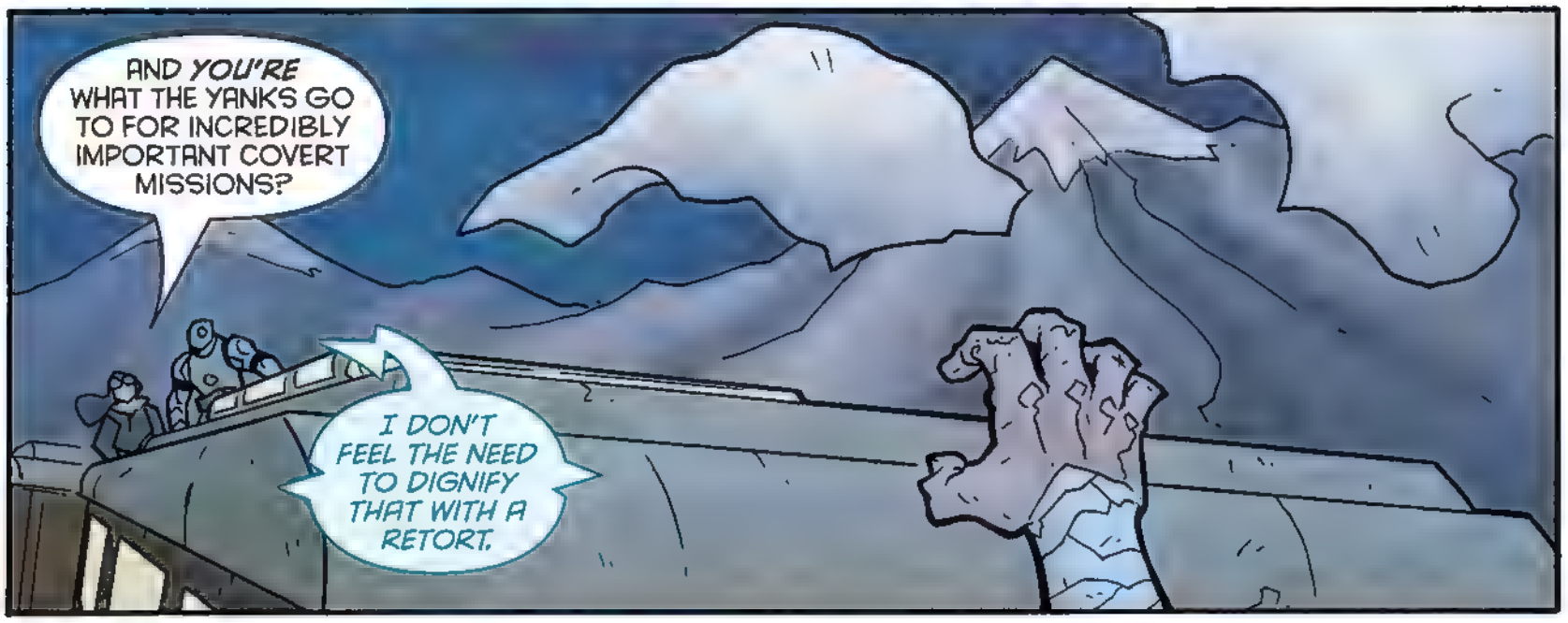
CHAK

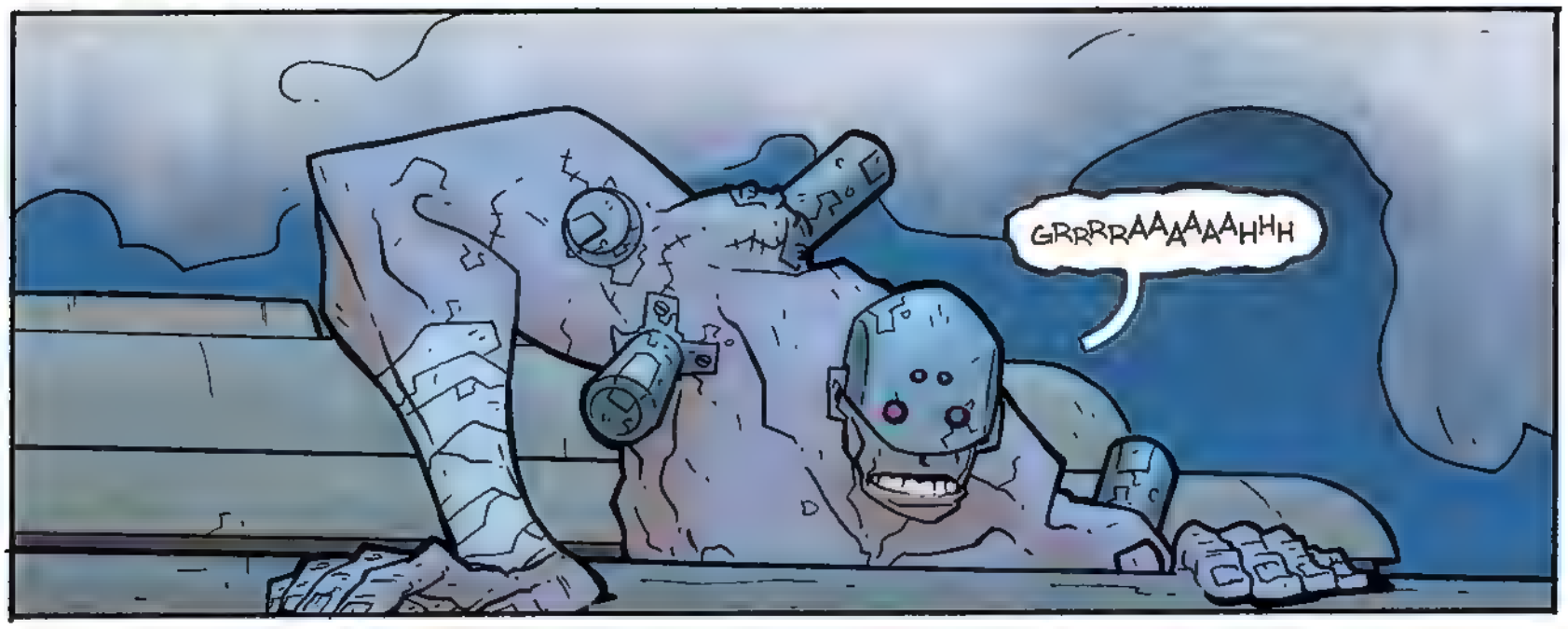
IF YOU'RE DONE BEING CLEVER, THERE'S SOME EVIL, HIGH-RANKING NAZIS ESCAPING.

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, LADY.


CRASH


WHOA, HEY.
KLATHUDUD


AND YOU'RE WHAT THE YANKS GO TO FOR INCREDIBLY IMPORTANT COVERT MISSIONS?
I DON'T FEEL THE NEED TO DIGNIFY THAT WITH A RETORT.


GRRRRAAAAAAHHH

UH... WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

THAT IS A BRUTE.

URRRHH

LI'L HELP.

WE SHOULD RUN.

GRRRAAH!

THANKS FOR THE TIP.

RRRUHH

GOOD NIGHT, GRUESOME.

BOOM BOOM BOOM

NURRRAHG!

RRRRUNK?

DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, OF COURSE YOU'RE NEXT.

BOOM BOOM

WELL, THESE THINGS DIE EASY.

HRRRNN!

TRUST ME, YOU'VE ONLY SUCCEEDED IN *ANGERING* THEM.

YOU SURE? I SHOT THEM. WITH BULLETS.

GOSH, WHY DIDN'T *I* THINK OF THAT? NOW HURRY, THEY WON'T BE FAR BEHIND.

<HURRY!?>

YOU'LL DIE OF LEAD POISONING BEFORE YOU *EVER* GET INTO THAT COCKPIT, SKORZENY.

GOOD LINE.

<QUICKLY, OTTO!?>

NOW, *REALLY*. THIS HAS GONE ON QUITE LONG ENOUGH.

LOOK OUUUUU-

HEY!

I WASN'T AIMING FOR HER.

<WE HAVE TO FINISH THEM!>

<DON'T WORRY...>

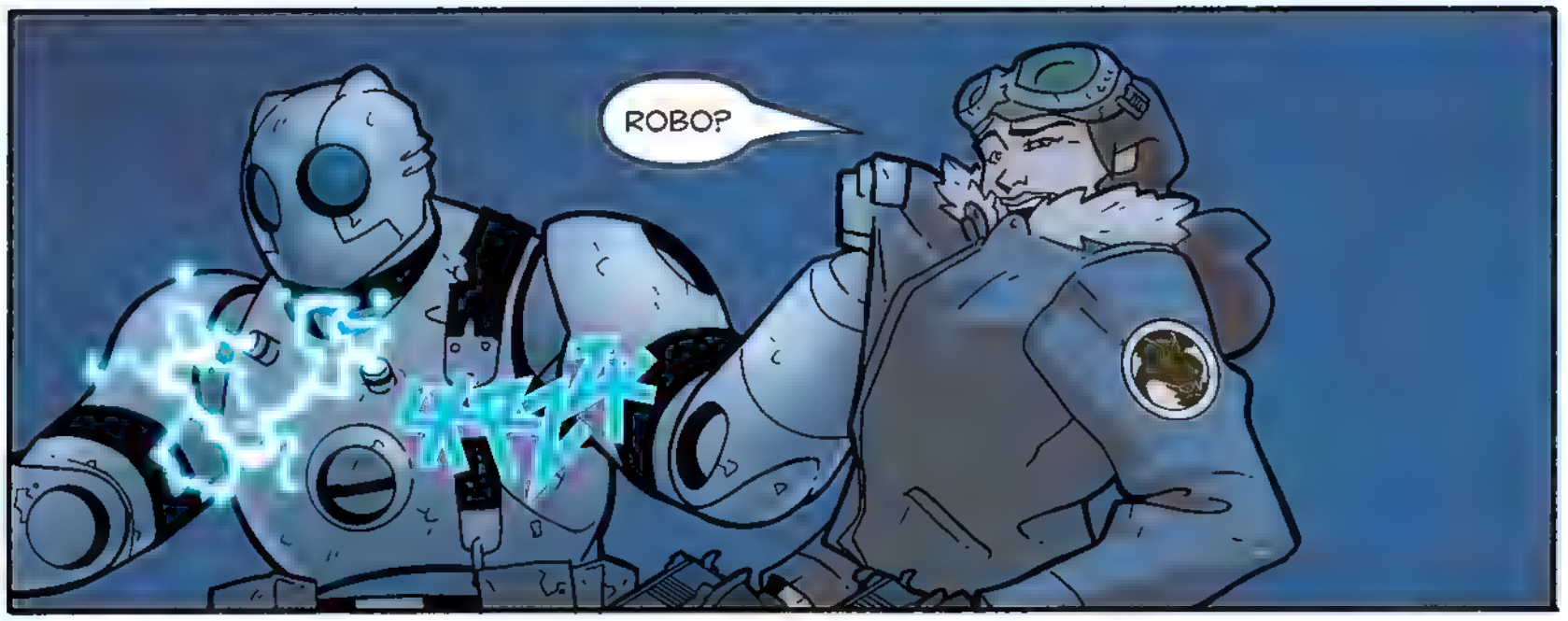
<...WE ALREADY HAVE.>

FA-FA-FOOM FOOM

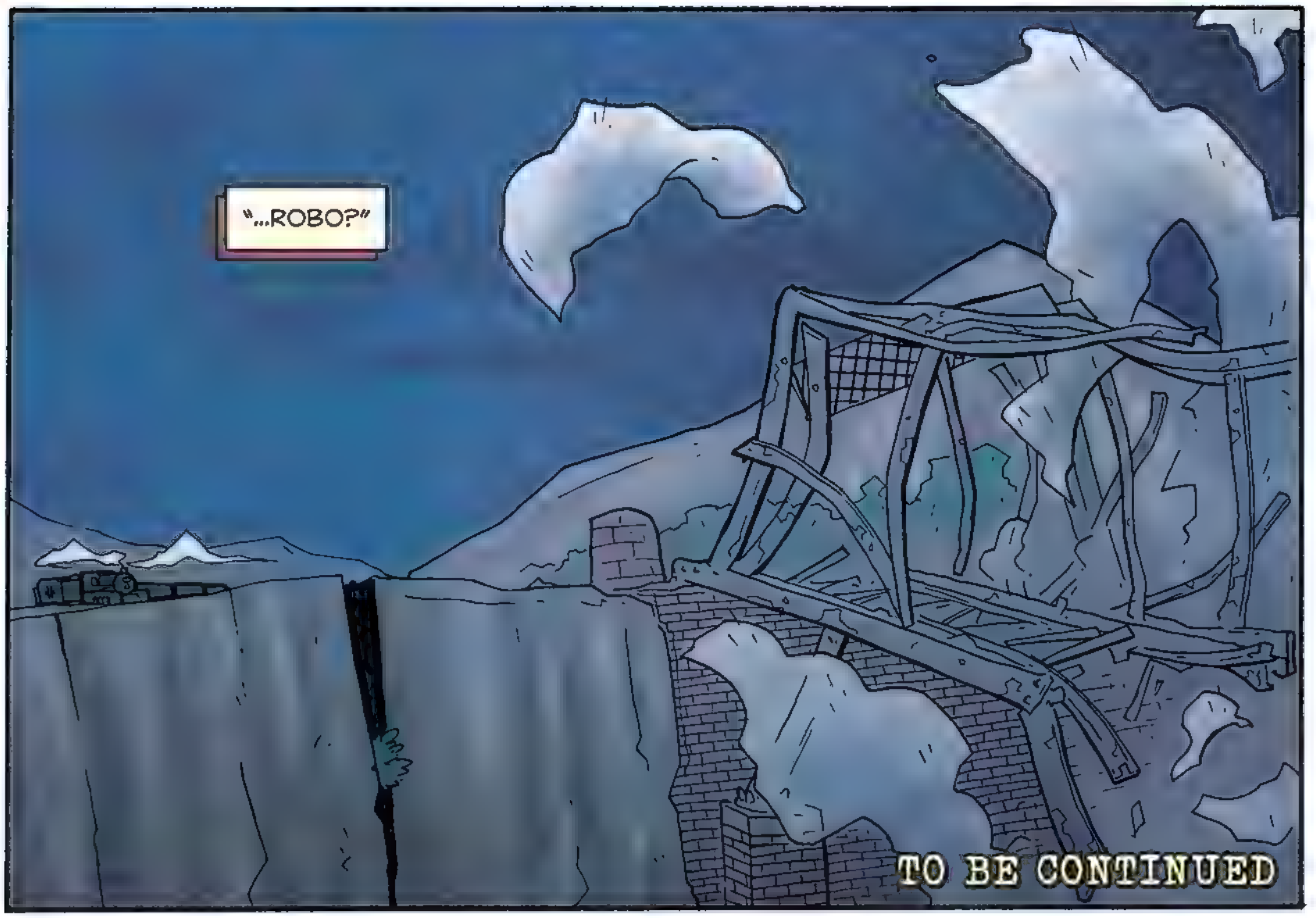
THOOM

OH, *BUGGER.*

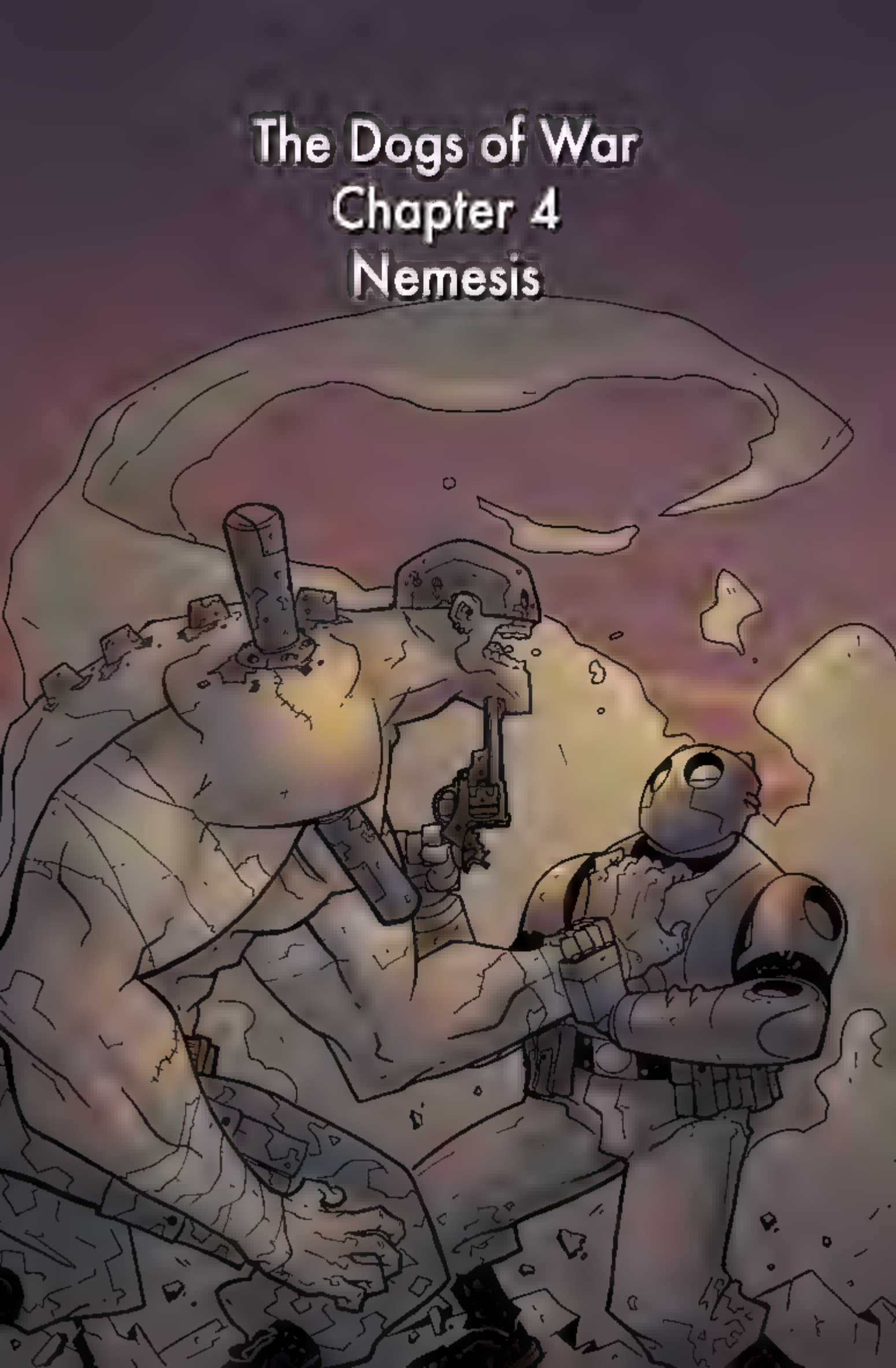
LET'S PUT ME *DOWN,* ROBO.


ROBO?

URRRG
URRRHH


"...ROBO?"
TO BE CONTINUED

The Dogs of War
Chapter 4
Nemesis



YOU WASTED OUR ROCKETS ON A ***BRIDGE*** INSTEAD OF KILLING THE SPARROW AND ATOMIC ROBO?

WASTE? NO. GRAVITY AND THE ***HUNDREDS OF TONS*** OF ARTILLERY ON THAT TRAIN WILL BE FAR MORE EFFECTIVE AGAINST ATOMIC ROBO THAN A SINGLE VOLLEY OF OUR LOW-YIELD BLIND-FIRE ROCKETS.

AS FOR THIS ***SPARROW,*** WE LEFT HER WITH BUT TWO OPTIONS: TO JUMP FROM A SPEEDING TRAIN TO HER DEATH, ***OR*** TO RIDE IT TO THE SAME CONCLUSION. THIS ASSUMES YOUR ***MONSTER MEN*** DID NOT REACH HER FIRST.

THEY ARE NOT "MONSTER MEN". THEY ARE ***BRUTES.*** THEY ARE GERMANY'S ***SALVATION.***

MINUTES AGO...

WELL, ROBO...

...THIS IS A *HELL* OF A MESS YOU'VE MADE FOR ME.

IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT THE BRIDGE IS OUT...

...BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF *THESE* THINGS TOO.

RRRUUAAAAH!

BAM BAM

UAAAURGH!

SERIOUSLY, ROBO, THIS STOIC ROUTINE DOESN'T *SUIT* YOU.

IT'S TOO DIGNIFIED.

KRACKLE

GRRRONK!

THIS WOULD BE GOING A LOT BETTER IF I HAD SOME DYNAMITE TO STUFF DOWN YOUR THROATS.

AND THEN IF YOU WERE ABOUT TWENTY METERS AWAY FROM ME.

URRRAAARGH!

FWAM

SO GLAD YOU COULD JOIN US.

WHERE'S SKORZENY AND HOW MANY OF THESE THINGS DO I HAVE TO KILL?

HE GOT AWAY WITH VANADIS. AND THESE ARE THE ***SAME*** BRUTES, I ***ASSURE*** YOU. IT TAKES MORE THAN A FEW BULLETS TO STOP THEM.

LIKE WHAT?

A *LOT* OF BULLETS.

KLUD

NO WONDER YOU'RE BRITAIN'S TOP AGENT.

BLAMBLAMBLAM BLAM BLAMBLAM

CLICK CLICK

THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE, BY THE WAY.

YOUR PROBLEM IS THAT YOU *THINK* YOU'RE VERY CLEVER.

NO, MY PROBLEM IS ABOUT 5'6" AND REAL MOUTHY.

I'M SORRY, THAT MUST'VE BEEN SOME *OTHER* ROBOTIC CLOD'S LIFE I JUST SAVED.

KCHACK

"IT'S A SHAME TOO, BECAUSE THIS WOULD BE HIS BIG CHANCE TO *PAY ME BACK.*"

TECHNICALLY HE PAID YOU BACK WHEN HE KILLED GRUESOME AND BRUISER BACK THERE.

WHO, BY THE WAY, WOULD NOT HAVE ***BEEN*** THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE HAD HE LISTENED TO HER PREVIOUSLY.

I DON'T LIKE YOU.

THAT'S BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE ***YOU.***

"AND THAT'S BECAUSE YOU STUMBLED INTO MY MISSION."

"OR, MORE ACCURATELY, YOU STUMBLED INTO MINE."

NO, I'VE BEEN FIGHTING SKORZENY AND HIS WALKING TANKS FOR MONTHS.

WE'VE BEEN TRACKING VANADIS FOR YEARS. AND, LET ME TELL YOU, SHE'S ON TO SOMETHING FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN A HANDFUL OF TANK PROTOTYPES.

"NO OFFENSE, BUT A DOZEN OF SKORZENY'S LAUFPANZERS NEARLY PUT A STOP TO SICILY ON DAY ONE. I THINK HE'S THE BIGGER FISH HERE."

"BLOODY YANKS. DON'T YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE SPECIAL PROJECTS DIVISION? THOSE MACHINES YOU SPENT ALL THAT TIME HUNTING DOWN? THEY'RE ONLY THE BEGINNING."

THE GERMANS CAN'T WIN A CONVENTIONAL WAR AT THIS POINT, AND THEY KNOW THAT.

THEY'VE GOT A BRAIN TRUST IN BERLIN LIKE NOTHING THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN.

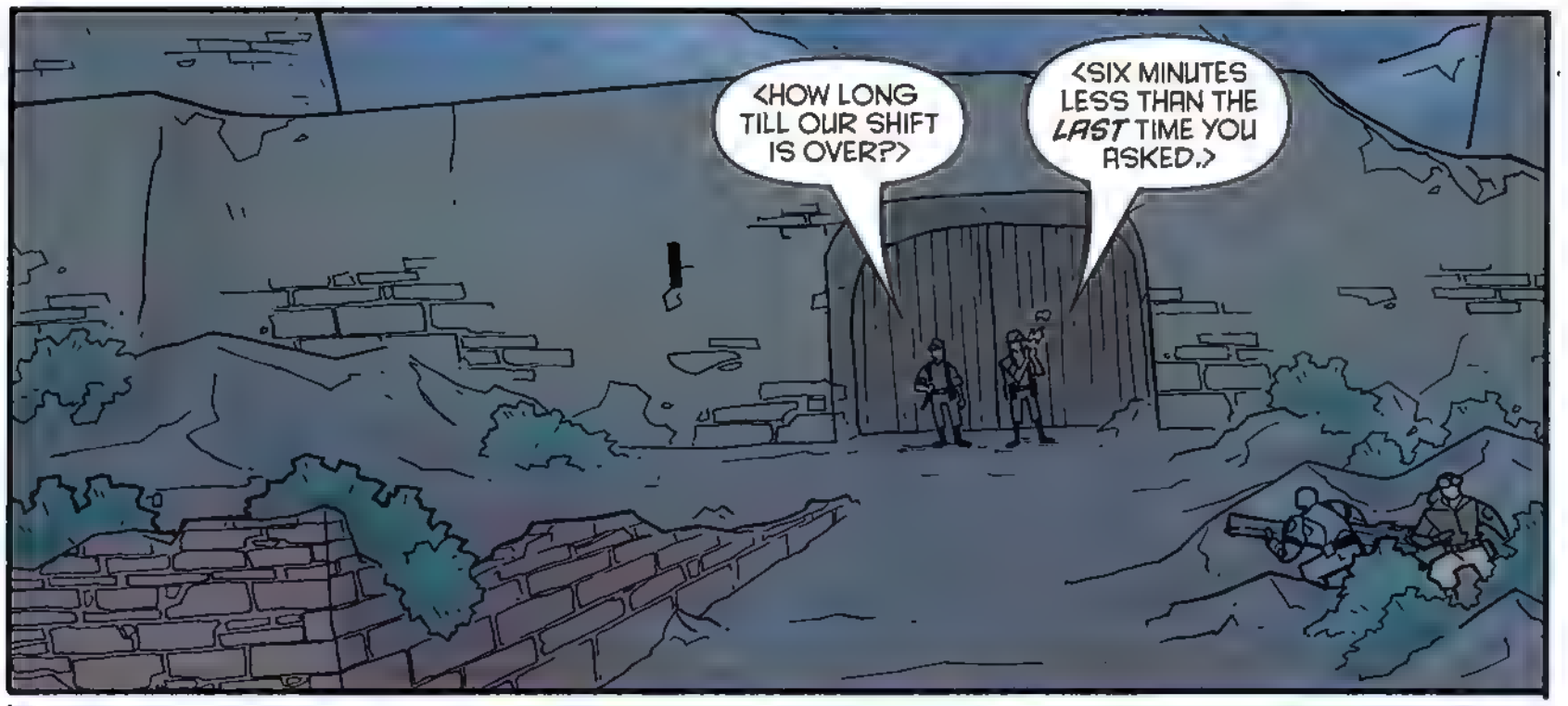
"THEY'VE GOT PLANS FOR INTERCONTINENTAL ARTILLERY, OUTER SPACE WEAPON PLATFORMS, TANKS LARGE ENOUGH TO MOUNT NAVAL CANNONS, AND WHO *KNOWS* WHAT ELSE."

THEY'VE GOT THE GENIUS TO WORK IT OUT, THEY'VE GOT THE INDUSTRIAL BASE TO PUT IT TOGETHER, ***AND*** THEY'VE GOT THE DESPERATION TO MAKE IT HAPPEN.

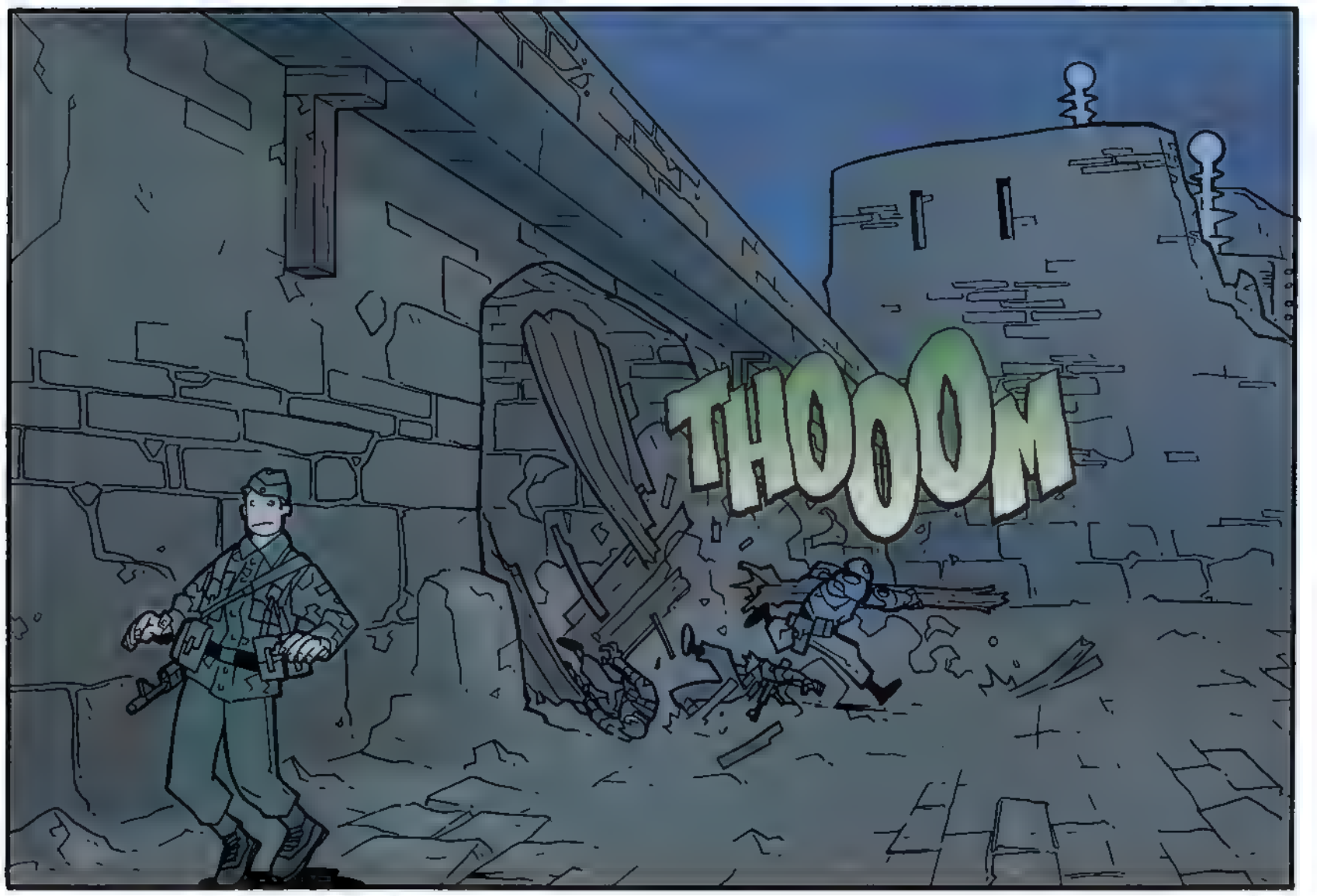
VANADIS IS WORKING ON THE MOST DANGEROUS PROJECT OF ALL. SUPERSTRONG VAT-GROWN SOLDIERS. THOSE ***BRUTES.***

"YOU FOUGHT THEM. THEY ***VASTLY*** EXCEED HUMAN LIMITS OF SPEED, STRENGTH, AGILITY, AND ENDURANCE, ***AND*** THEY HEAL AT A FRANKLY IMPOSSIBLE RATE. NOW IMAGINE ENTIRE INFANTRY BRIGADES LIKE THAT."

"OKAY. SHE HAS TO BE STOPPED. WHAT'S THE PLAN?"


<HOW LONG TILL OUR SHIFT IS OVER?>
<SIX MINUTES LESS THAN THE *LAST* TIME YOU ASKED.>

<YOUR ATTITUDE DOESN'T LIGHT MY CIGARETTE ANY FASTER.>
<BUT THEN WE'D HAVE NO USE FOR *YOU*.>
<THEN MAYBE YOU SHOULD USE YOUR *OWN* MATCHES?>


THOOM

WHUMP
WHAT, IS THAT SUPPOSED TO IMPRESS ME?

KROOOM
ONE DAY I'LL LEARN TO SHUT UP.

<Your latest progress reports leave much to be desired.>

<WHAT DO YOU *EXPECT?* YOU SAID THE NAZIS POSSESSED THE MOST ADVANCED LABORATORIES THE WORLD HAS *EVER* KNOWN. WHEN I LOOK AROUND, I HAVE TO WONDER *WHERE* THEY ARE KEPT!>

Hrmm.

<HITLER GIVES TOO LITTLE FUNDING TO TOO MANY PROJECTS AND THEY ARE *ALL* CRIPPLED FOR IT. YOUR LAUFPANZERS *ALONE* COULD HAVE TAKEN RUSSIA BY NOW, BUT HE NEVER PUT THEM INTO PRODUCTION.>

<It is of no matter to us should he lose his ridiculous little war.>

THOOOM

<OF COURSE NOT, BUT HOW AM I TO CONTINUE YOUR WORK UNDER THESE CONDITIONS?>

<You will find a way, Vanadis You have...>

KROOOOM

<...What IS that noise?>

WORDS
BRIAN CLEVINGER
ART
SCOTT WEGENER

NEMESIS

LETTERS
JEFF POWELL
COLORS
RONDA PATTISON

SKRROOOM

AH!

<Vanadis! Report! VANADIS!>

OH, GOD.

<LUDWIG IS CORRECTING SKORZENY'S MISTAKE FOR ME, THOUGH PERHAPS WITH TOO MUCH *ZEAL.* I APOLOGIZE FOR THE INTERRUPTION, LORD HELSINGARD.>

WHAT?! HELSINGARD?

I KILLED HIM IN '38!

YOU CANNOT HOPE TO IMPEDE THE IMMORTAL RULE OF *HELSINGARD.*

I GOTTA GUN SAYS DIFFERENT.

SKRONCH

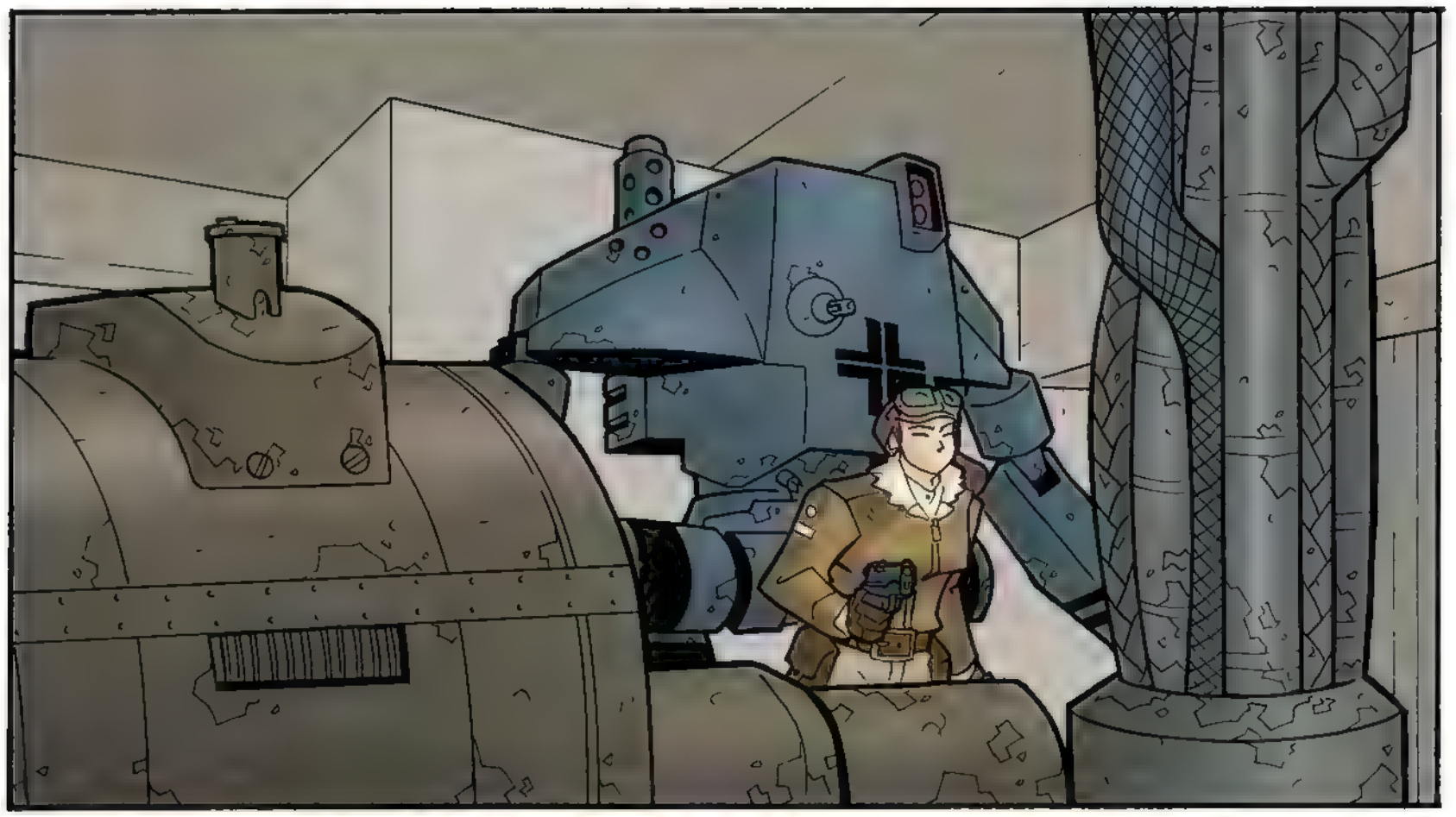
MRMPHM!

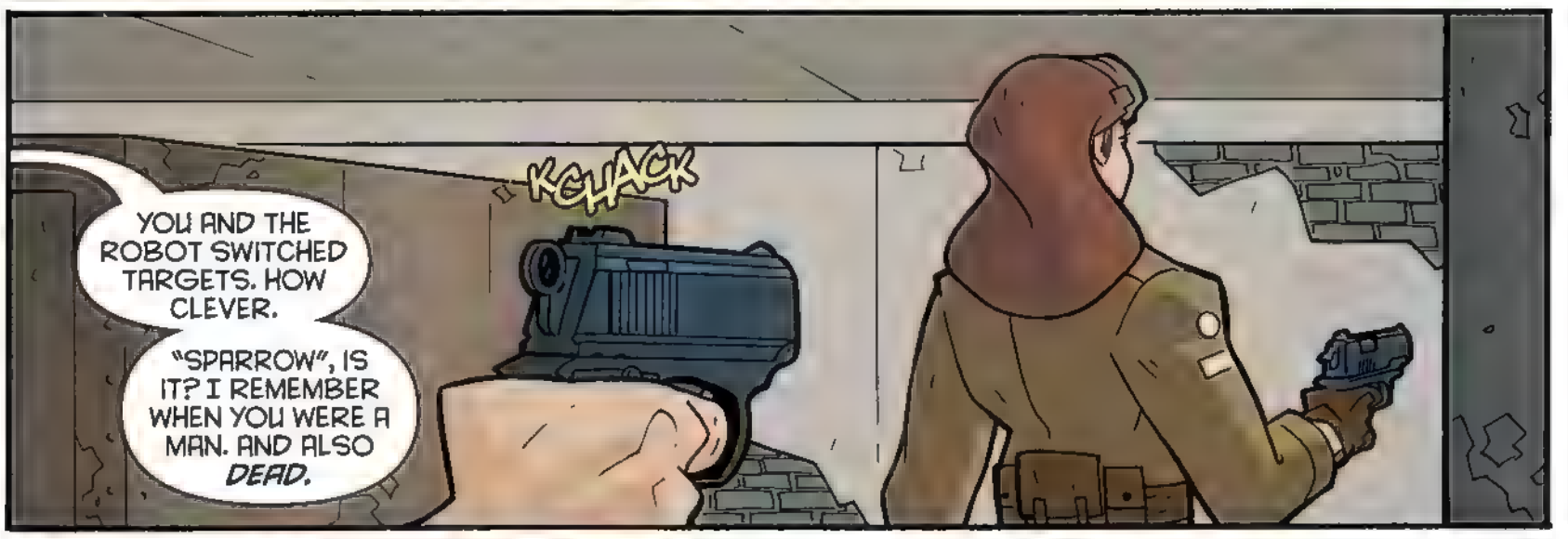
<Your laboratory is compromised. Gather your records and TERMINATE the location.>

<AS YOU COMMAND, SO IT SHALL BE, LORD HELSINGARD.>

<Do be sure to bring me whatever remains of Atomic Robo.>

<IT WILL BE DONE.>




KCHACK
YOU AND THE ROBOT SWITCHED TARGETS. HOW CLEVER.
"SPARROW", IS IT? I REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE A MAN. AND ALSO *DEAD*.

YOU HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH MY BROTHER.
OH, THAT'S RIGHT. VANADIS HAD HER MONSTER MEN TEAR HIM LIMB FROM LIMB SOME YEARS BACK.
TERRIBLE *WASTE*. BUT HE DID REFUSE TO JOIN US. HE COULDN'T HAVE *HONESTLY* THOUGHT HE'D LIVE THROUGH THAT.

REMINDING ME THAT NAZIS *MURDERED* MY BROTHER IS NO WAY TO CONVINCE *ME* TO JOIN YOU.
OH, MY DEAR. THIS ISN'T A *RECRUITMENT* SPEECH. I'M MAKING YOUR FINAL MOMENTS UNNECESSARILY STRESSFUL BY BRINGING YOUR HORRIBLE EMOTIONAL SCARS TO THE SURFACE.

THE LONGER YOU TAKE WITH ME, THE MORE TIME YOU'RE GIVING ROBO TO DESTROY THIS PLACE.

I *ASSURE* YOU THAT WE ARE EQUIPPED WITH *ADEQUATE* COUNTERMEASURES AGAINST ATOMIC ROBO.

YEAH, WELL, I THINK HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

GRAAA!

OH GOD, WHY!

WRONG

IT'S A SHAME THAT YOU *CANNOT.*

BLAM BLAM

<SPARROW IS DEAD.>

<IF ATOMIC ROBO IS NOT, HE SOON *WILL* BE.>

<LUDWIG *IS* THOROUGH.>

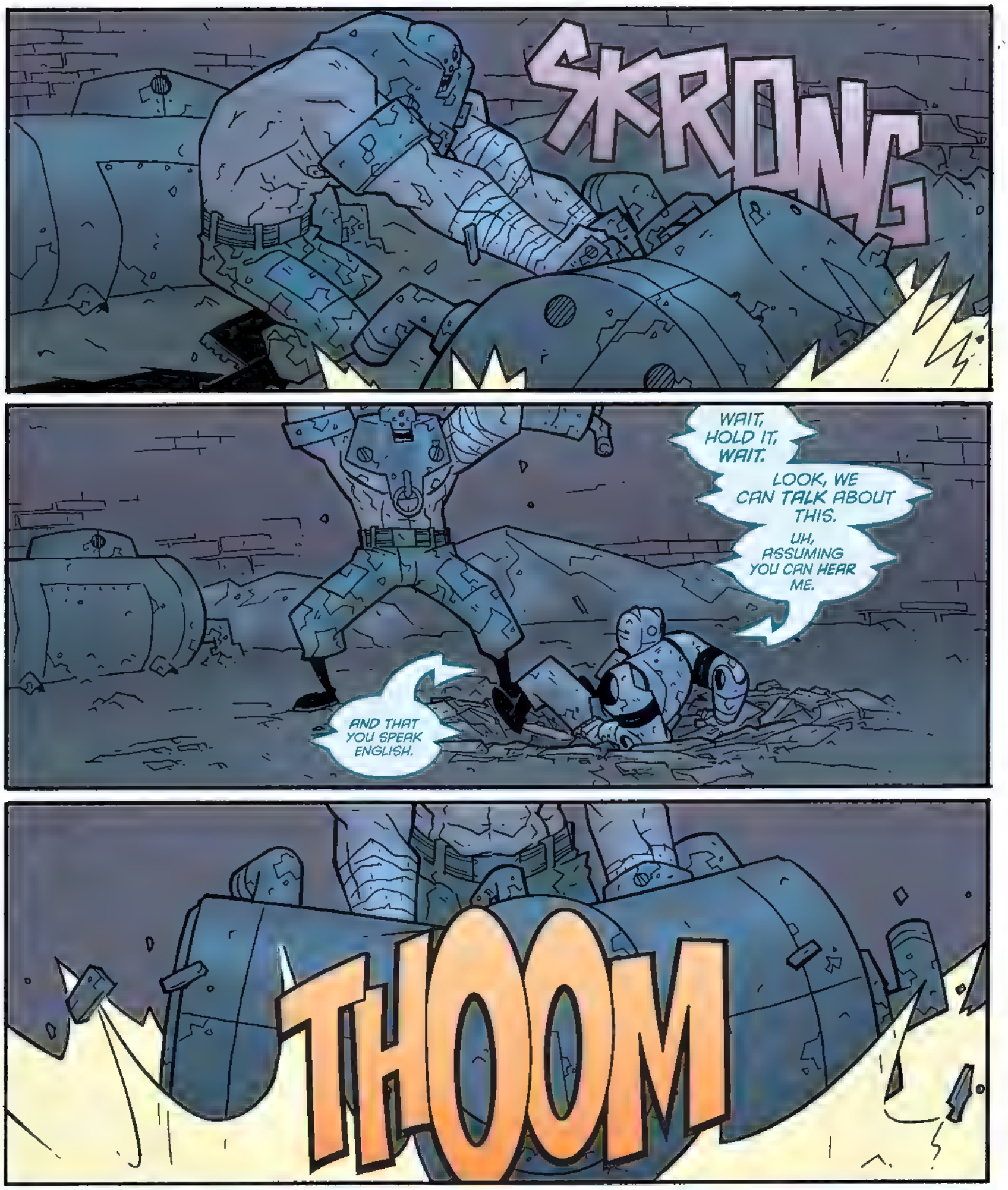
KRONG

<*TOO* THOROUGH. MY LABORATORY IS MISSING WALLS, ***PLURAL.*** IT WOULD TAKE LESS TIME TO BUILD NEW VATS THAN TO REPAIR WHAT'S LEFT OF ***THESE.***>

<THE FACILITY IS USELESS NOW, BUT WE ***CANNOT*** RISK ANY OF IT FALLING INTO THE HANDS OF THE ALLIES. YOU SHOULD ENTER THE DESTRUCT SEQUENCE.>

<ALREADY DONE SO. ALL DOCUMENTS ESSENTIAL TO MY PROJECT ARE SECURED. I SUGGEST MOBILIZING YOUR LAUFPANZERS ***IMMEDIATELY.*** THIS CASTLE AND ANYTHING NEAR IT WILL BE A BALL OF FLAME IN FIVE MINUTES.>

ARMORED JACKET. WELL PLAYED.

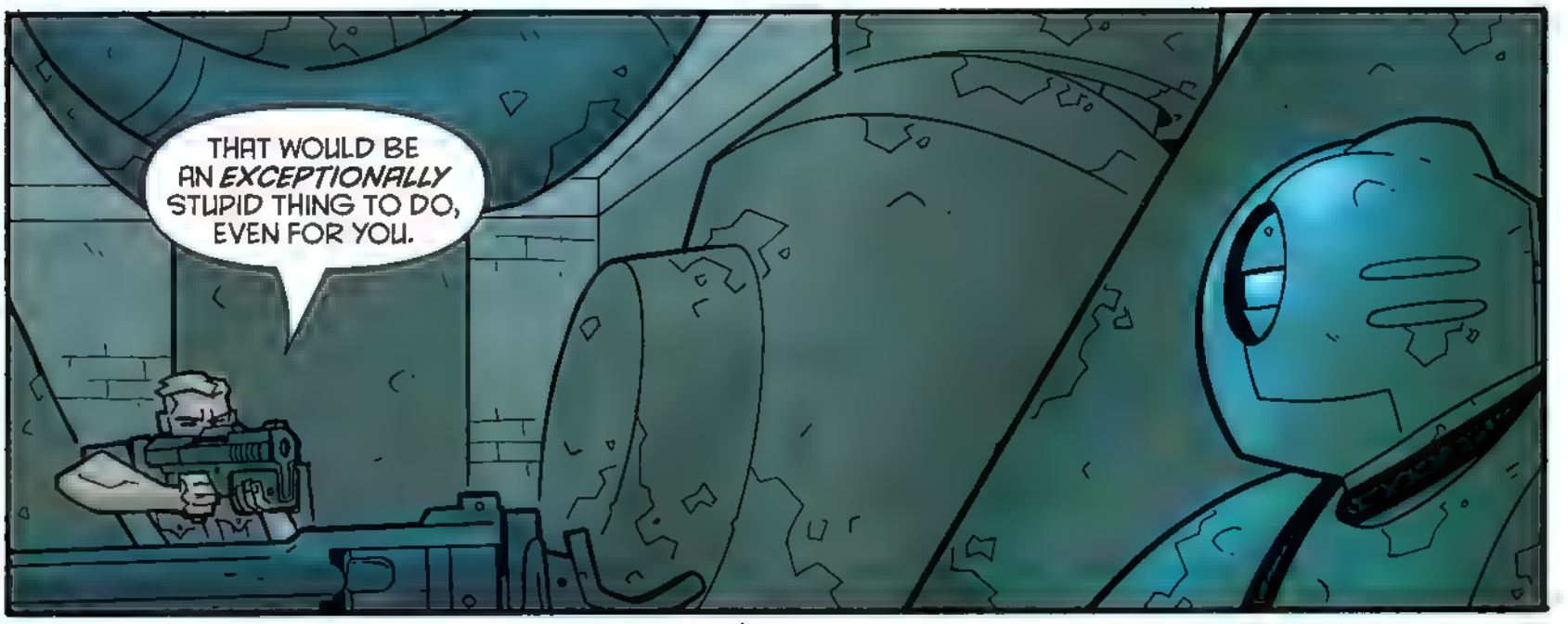

SKRONG
WAIT, HOLD IT, WAIT.
LOOK, WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS.
UH, ASSUMING YOU CAN HEAR ME.
AND THAT YOU SPEAK ENGLISH.
THOOM
HRUM?!

YA-HA! WEREN'T EXPECTING THAT, WERE YA!

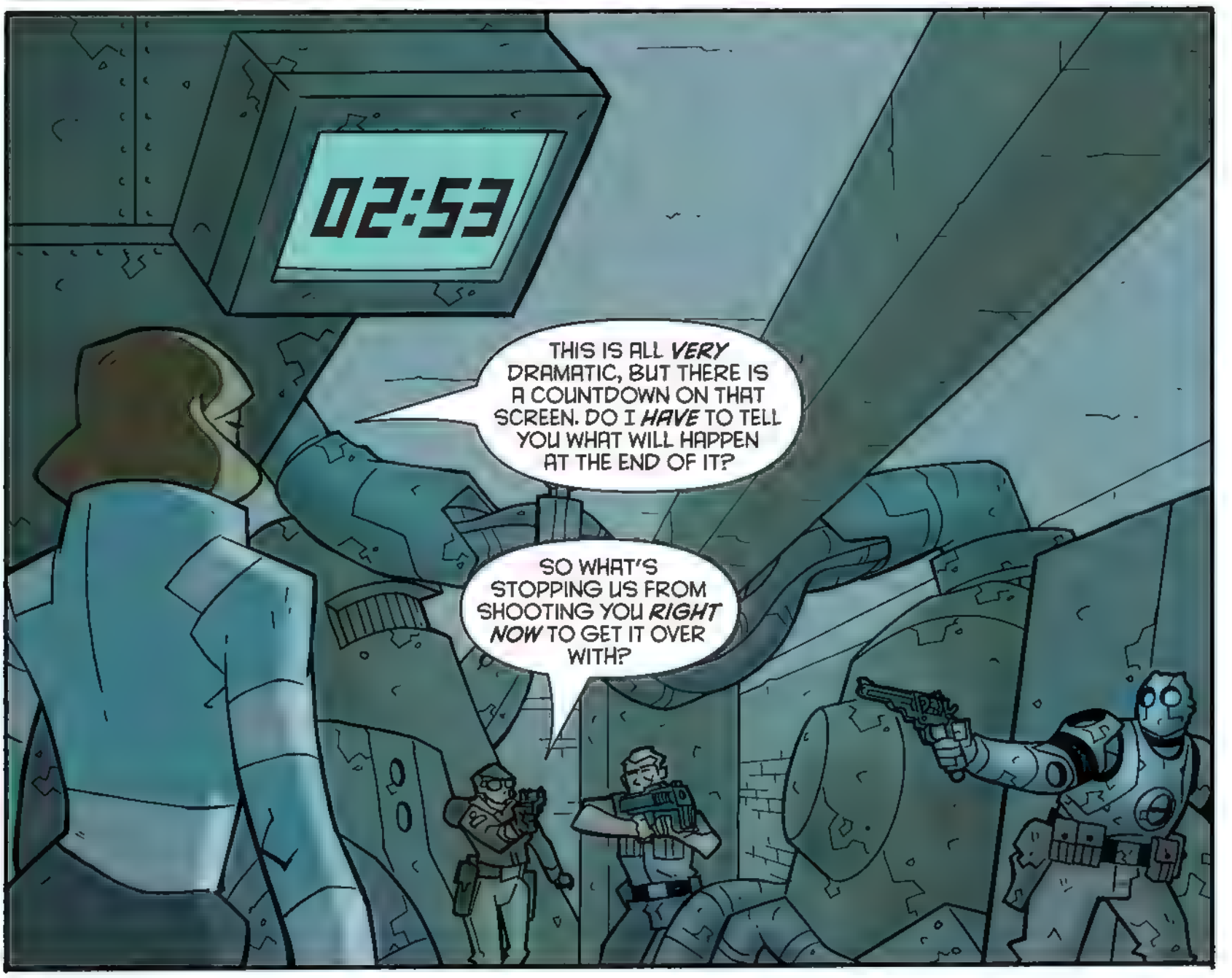
KTHOOM

I DID NOT THINK THAT THROUGH.

LADY, CALL OFF THAT GOON BEFORE I VENTILATE YOUR ORGANS.


THAT WOULD BE AN *EXCEPTIONALLY* STUPID THING TO DO, EVEN FOR YOU.

SHUT YOUR DAMN NAZI GOB.


02:53
THIS IS ALL *VERY* DRAMATIC, BUT THERE IS A COUNTDOWN ON THAT SCREEN. DO I *HAVE* TO TELL YOU WHAT WILL HAPPEN AT THE END OF IT?
SO WHAT'S STOPPING US FROM SHOOTING YOU *RIGHT NOW* TO GET IT OVER WITH?

THERE'S *THAT* FOR ONE.

HRRUUUUAAARGH!

ALSO *THIS.*

ROBO!

SKRZOW

HHHEEEEYYY...

ARGH!

THWAK!

BLAM BLAM

BASTARD NAZI BUGGER!

BLAM

BA-BLAM

STOP GOOFING AROUND, WE CAN STILL GET THEM!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

IIII JJJUST REALIZED THAT TIMER HASN'T CHANGED.

02:53

MAYBE WE'RE SAFE?

LET'S FIND OUT FROM VERY FAR AWAY.

ONE SIDE, GRUESOME.

I HATE THIS PART.

KLUD

HRRUUG?

AIM FOR THE TREES, AIM FOR THE TREES!

KRAK

BOOM

I LIKE HOW YOU THINK WE HAVE ANY CONTROL OVER WHAT'S HAPPENING RIGHT NOW.

Aerial photography corroborates annihilation of facility. All Wehrwolf Formula records destroyed. Remaining Laufpanzers destroyed.

Major Skorzeny and Dr. Valkyrie presumed dead.

JUST SO WE'RE CLEAR: WE ARE *NEVER* WORKING TOGETHER AGAIN.

I'D RATHER BE MURDERED.

The Dogs of War
Chapter 5
It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow

OCTOBER 1, 1944
FERMAIN BAY, BAILIWICK OF GUERNSEY

ENGINES OFF.

LET'S KEEP THIS QUIET AND QUICK.

BOOM

WHAT THE--?!

BRAKKADAKKA

GET OFF THE BOATS.

CHOOM

FOOM

BRAKKADAKKADAKKA

CHATTACHATTA

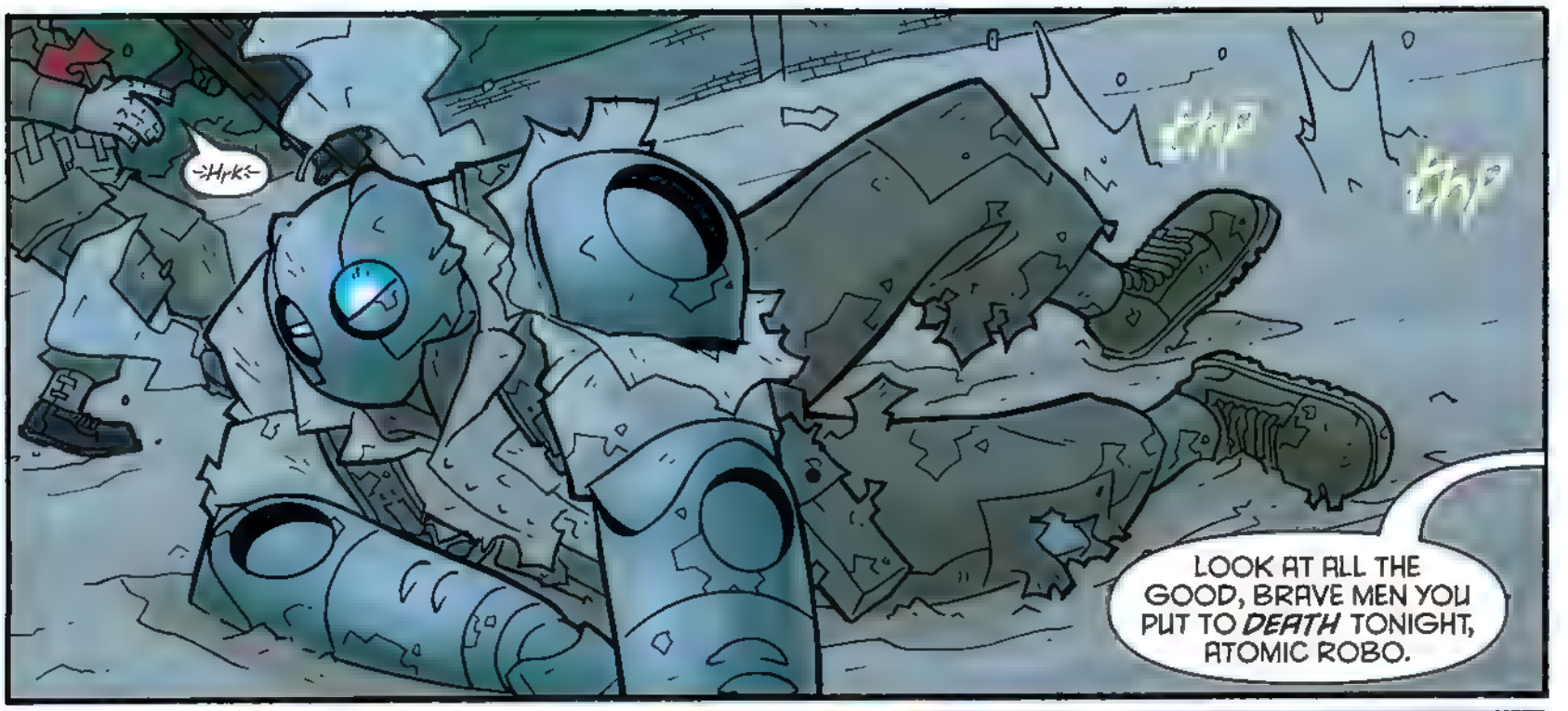
WE'RE SITTING DUCKS OUT HERE!

POM POM POM

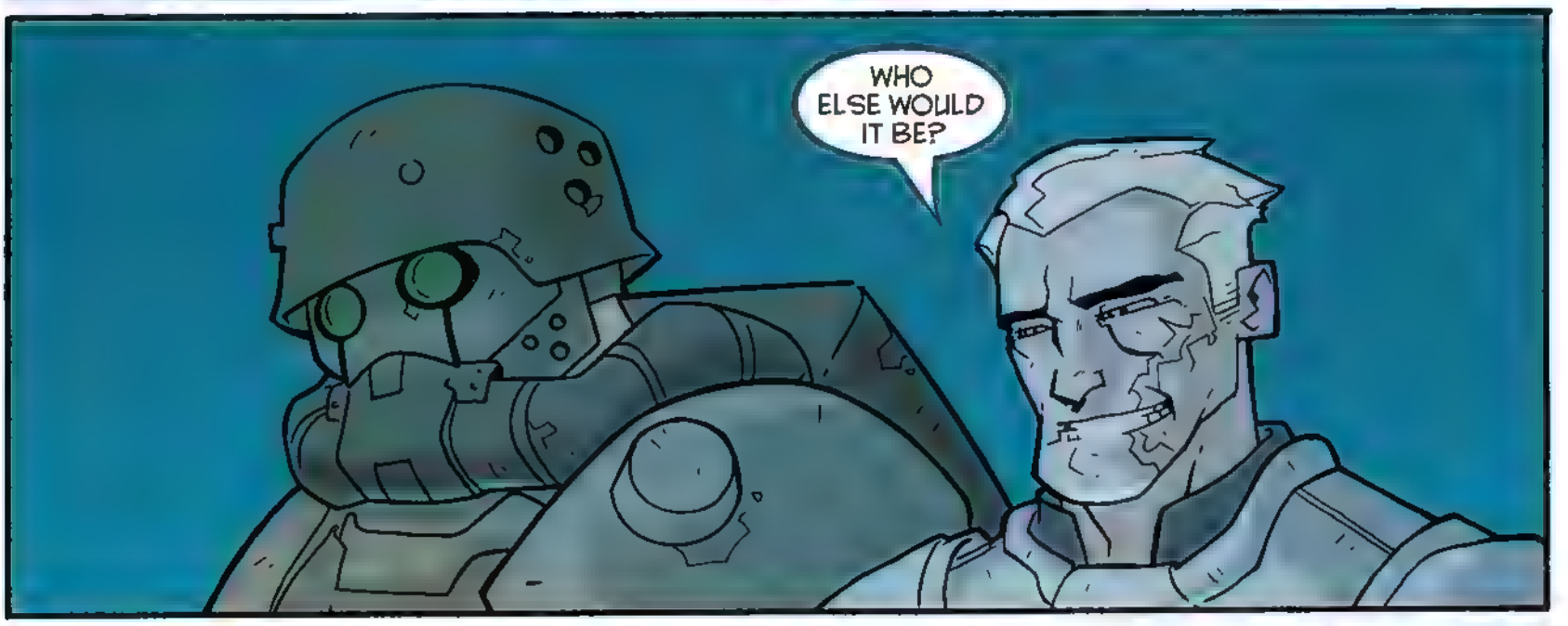
GET OFF THE BOATS! GET OFF THE

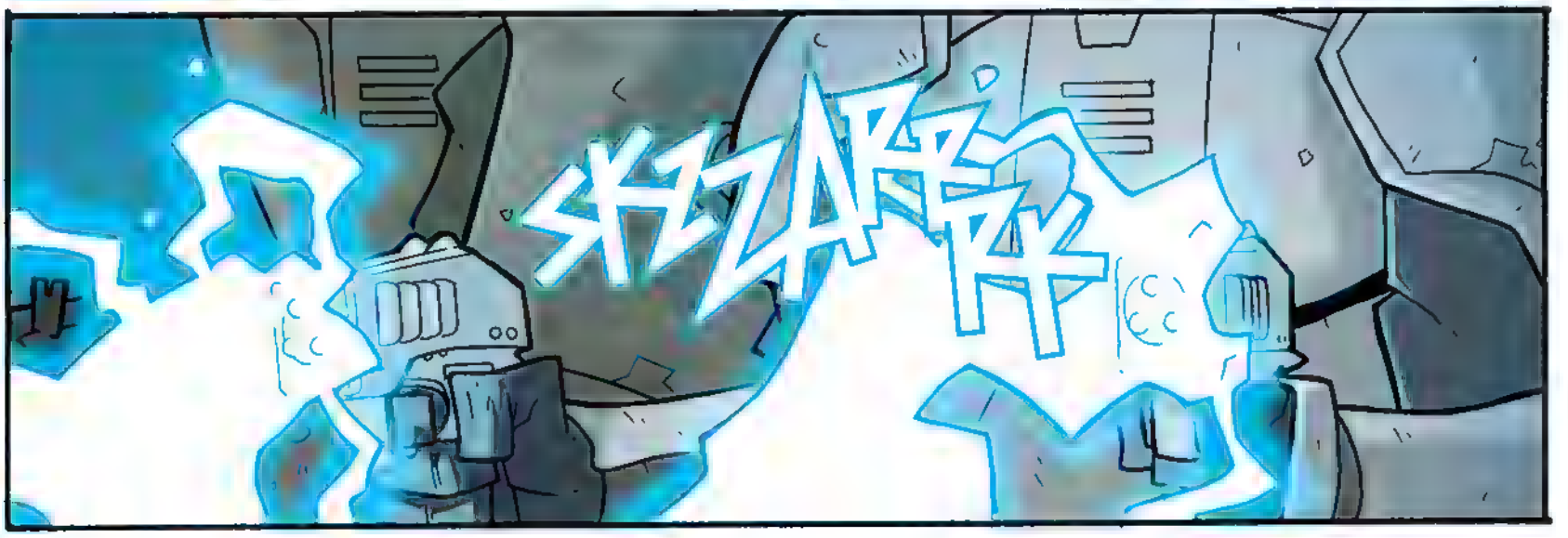
KTHOOM

AGH!


-Hrk-
thp
thp
LOOK AT ALL THE GOOD, BRAVE MEN YOU PUT TO *DEATH* TONIGHT, ATOMIC ROBO.

BRAKKADAKKAVAKKA
THRAKKA CHATTA
CHATTA CHATTA
SKORZENY...!


WHO ELSE WOULD IT BE?


SKZZARRK

HER MAJESTY'S NAVAL BASE, PORTSMOUTH, BRITAIN
10 HOURS EARLIER

THE GERMAN V-4 PROJECT.

IT CONSISTS OF MOBILE WEAPON PLATFORMS DESIGNED TO FIRE 300 ROCKETS *PER HOUR* ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL INTO THE HEART OF BRITAIN.

THE VEHICLES ARE *UNHIDERED* BY TERRAIN. THEY CAN FIRE FROM ENTRENCHED POSITIONS AND EXFILTRATE *LONG* BEFORE OUR BOMBERS COULD EVER REACH THEM. AND YET...

...THE SPARROW'S LATEST REPORT INDICATES THAT THE V-4 WAS *NEVER* MEANT TO FIRE A SINGLE SHELL. THE ENTIRE PROJECT, FROM DESIGN TO MANUFACTURE, WAS A *RUSE.*

V-4
MULTI-ROCKET
LAUNCH SYSTEM

THE MATERIEL, TIME, AND *LIVES* WE WASTED TRYING TO DISCOVER AND NEUTRALIZE V-4 INSTALLATIONS LEFT US *COMPLETELY* BLIND AGAINST THE *REAL* THREAT.

THE *V-5* ELECTRIC CANNON. SPECIAL AGENT ROBO?

GUERNSEY ISLAND

THANK YOU, GENERAL. THE THEORY BEHIND THE V-4 WAS AT THE CUTTING EDGE OF WEAPONS TECHNOLOGY. THE **V-5** IS SOMETHING OUT OF SCIENCE FICTION.

YES, I RECOGNIZE THE IRONY.

BASED ON MY EXPERIENCE WITH ALTERNATIVE WEAPONS RESEARCH UNDER MR. TESLA, MY GUESS IS THAT THIS V-5 PROPELS **ENORMOUS** EXPLOSIVE SLUGS USING PRECISELY TIMED ELECTROMAGNETIC ARRAYS.

IMAGINE A BULLET FIRED WITH ALL THE FORCE OF A **HUNDRED** SEPARATE CHARGES. NOW APPLY THAT TO NAVAL ARTILLERY SHELLS.

GUERNSE

THIS ISN'T A NEW IDEA. IT WAS ORIGINALLY PROPOSED IN THE '30S, BUT ONLY AS A **THEORY.** THE GUN WOULD HAVE CONDUCTED ENOUGH ENERGY TO MELT ITSELF WHEN FIRED.

COILS

ROTARY SWITCH

MOTOR

I'VE **SEEN** THE RESULTS OF THE GERMAN SPECIAL WEAPONS PROGRAM FIRSTHAND. I HAVE TO ASSUME THEY FOUND A WAY TO **MAKE** THIS WORK.

OUR INTELLIGENCE SUGGESTS THE ELECTRIC CANNON IS INSTALLED AT THIS FACILITY ON GUERNSEY IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. THE WEAPON LIKELY CONSISTS OF FIFTY OR MORE CANNONS BURIED UNDERGROUND. FROM THIS LOCATION THEY CAN ATTACK ANY TARGET IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, ALL OF BRITAIN, ***AND*** OUR BEACHHEAD AT NORMANDY.

IN THEORY, THE RANGE, PAYLOAD, **AND** ACCURACY OF THESE SHELLS IS SO FAR BEYOND CONVENTIONAL ARTILLERY THAT THERE IS **NO DEFENSE** AGAINST THEM. IF THESE THINGS ARE ALLOWED TO FIRE... THAT'S IT. HITLER WILL BE UNTOUCHABLE.

THEN IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY DEVELOP AN ELECTRIC CANNON WITH **INTERCONTINENTAL** CAPABILITY.

THE CANNONS ARE UNDERGROUND AND THEREFORE ***COMPLETELY*** IMMUNE TO BOMBERS. ***YOU*** LADS WILL INFILTRATE THE GROUNDS BY COVER OF NIGHT. USE YOUR DEMOLITIONS TO DESTROY THE CANNONS THEMSELVES OR THEIR POWER GENERATORS AS YOU SEE FIT.

THE GRAVITY OF THE TASK BEFORE YOU IS WITHOUT MEASURE. GENTLEMEN, YOUR MISSION TODAY WILL ***FOREVER*** ALTER THE COURSE OF THIS WAR.

<ARE WE SURE THE CONNECTIONS ARE SECURE?>

<NO.>

<FURTHER, WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE TOLERANCES ARE, WHAT KIND OF OUTPUT TO EXPECT, OR HOW LONG HE'LL LAST.>

<AND *THAT'S* ASSUMING THE CONNECTIONS *ARE* SECURE.>

<IS HE... "ALIVE"?>

<HE'D HAVE TO TELL US THAT. WE WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO LOOK FOR.>

ARE YOU IN THERE, ATOMIC ROBO? I HOPE SO. I WANT YOU TO KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR US. I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU'RE THE BEATING HEART OF OUR *WEATHER CANNON.*

YOU MEAN YOUR ELECTRIC CANNON.

A WEATHER CANNON?

NO, IT'S A WEATHER CANNON.

TRUST ME.

REALLY? THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING WITH?

YOU'RE AWFULLY FLIPPANT FOR SOMEONE WHO WALKED INTO YET ANOTHER TRAP.

AND YOU'RE AWFULLY CONFIDENT FOR SOMEONE WHO JUST SERIOUSLY USED THE PHRASE "WEATHER CANNON."

YOU SEEM TO THINK THAT WE HAVEN'T ALREADY PERFECTED THE WEAPON.

DON'T BLUFF SOMEONE WHO'S SEEN YOUR CARDS. IF TESLA COULDN'T PERFECT A WEATHER WEAPON, THEN A HUNDRED KRAUT SCIENTISTS CAN'T.

OH, ROBO. THE CANNON WORKS. OR DID YOU THINK THE STORMS THAT DELAYED OVERLORD WERE MERE COINCIDENCE?

YOU WASTED **MONTHS** OF WORK TO BUILD A SUPERWEAPON TO DELAY YOUR DEFEAT BY **TWO DAYS?** NO **WONDER** YOU'RE LOSING THE WAR.

WE WILL DESTROY ENGLAND WITH A HURRICANE ***THE SIZE OF ENGLAND.*** YOUR EXPEDITIONARY FORCE WILL CRUMBLE AND FALL WITHOUT SUPPORT. ALL WE LACK IS AN ADEQUATE POWER SUPPLY.

YOU LEARNED OF THIS FACILITY ***ONLY*** BECAUSE I NEEDED YOU HERE TO ***BECOME*** THAT ADEQUATE POWER SUPPLY.

I HAVE BEEN ASSURED THAT YOU WILL NOT SURVIVE THE PROCESS. I CAN ONLY HOPE THAT IT WILL ALSO BE ***EXCRUCIATING.***

THROOOM

AUGH!

AWRIGHT! WHIT'S GOIN OAN IN HERE 'EAN?

<GUARDS!?>

<WHERE ARE THE GUARDS?>

DEAD.

BECAUSE...

TAKE ATOMIC ROBO TO THE REACTOR

Hmm...

MUCKLE DAMN CLIFF.

MUCKLE DAMN TOWER!

BLOODY HEID BUMMER!

CHAKKA CHAKKA CHAK

!

->Hrk<-

OH SURE, LET'S SHOOT AT THE ATOMIC REACTOR, THAT'LL BE SAFE.

->HUFF<-

AUCH, YE JOBBIE RUMMELL!

CHAKKACHAKK

BRATTATTATTAK

POK

SPAK

YE WEE SCUNNER!

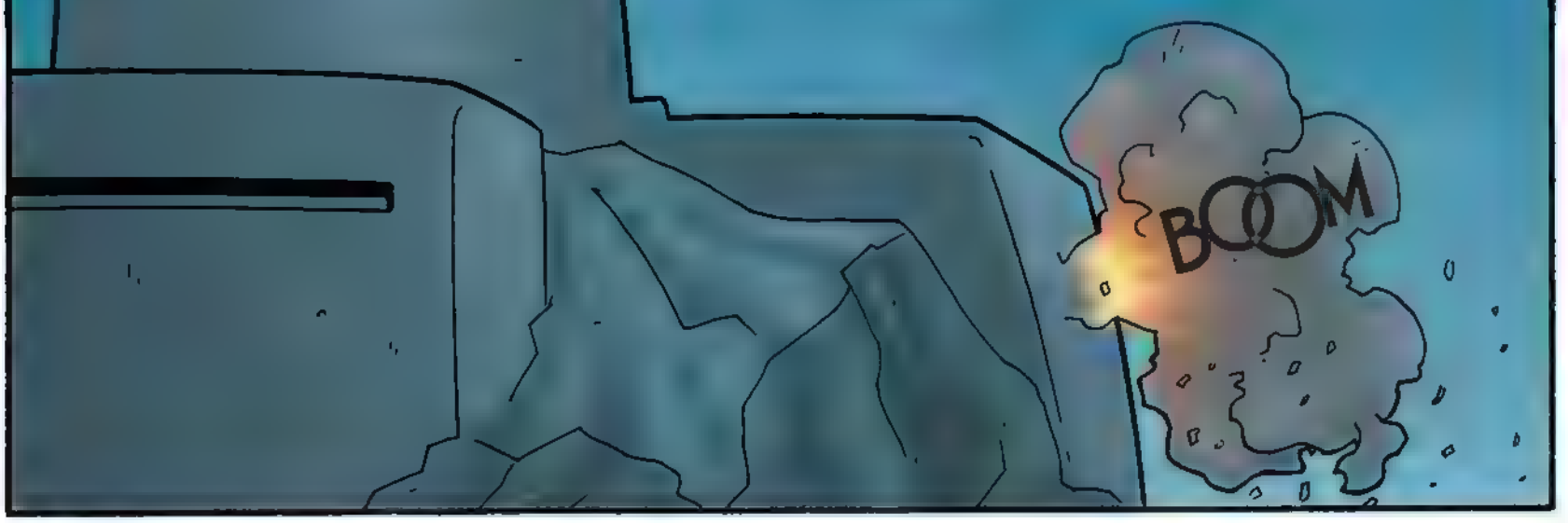
IT'S A LOVELY DAY TOMORROW

WORDS
BRIAN CLEVINGER

ART
SCOTT WEGENER

COLORS
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERS
JEFF POWELL



YER LOOKIN' A WEE BIT PEELY-WALLY, EH?

WHAT?

LE'S SHOOT THE CRAW, AYE?

IS THIS SOME KIND OF SECRET COMMANDO CODE THEY DIDN'T TELL ME ABOUT?

YE WANNAE GIT SHOT 'A HERE, AYE? THEN *SHUT* IT!

I'LL JUST PRETEND YOU KNOW OF THE RADIOACTIVE RISKS INVOLVED IN WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

AH *SED* HAUD YER WHEESHT!

MY LEGS.

WHERE ARE MY LEGS?

S'AWRIGHT.

OH, LE'S GO LOOK FIR *BABY'S* LEGS.

WHERE ARE MY LEGS?

I DON'T THINK IT'S SELFISH OF ME TO EXPECT SOME KIND OF SYMPATHETIC PANIC FROM YOU.

GOAN GREETIN' TAE YER MAW.

IF YOUR LEGS WERE MISSING, I'D BE WORRIED. THAT'S ALL I'M SAYING.

SICKA DRAGGIN' YE AROOND, 'ANG ON, YA?

<THERE THEY ARE!>

GAH, WEIRD NAZIS!

LEG STEALIN' FACIST JERKS!

BRATTA RAKKACHAKKA

CHAK

SPOW

POK

PWANG

THMP

PWANG

THMP

→Urk←

SPANG

AUGH!

THMP

SPANG

POK

THMP

WELL, I'M OUTTA AMMO.

FOOND SOME ROPE.

YOU'RE A TREMENDOUS HELP.

-HUFF-
ANY IDEA WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
AYE, UP.
WHITEVER THEY'RE GEE'IN YOU FER TEA, OOF, TELL THEM TAE PUT A WEE BIT LESS STANES IN IT.
YOU'RE JUST MAKING UP WORDS.
MINCE. LOCKED.
WHOAH, CAREFUL!
KLUD
WELL? COMMANDO IT OPEN!
M'ARMS TIRED, CANNAE KEN WHIT FIR, CAN YOU?!
<REINIGER? STOP GOOFING OFF.>
STAND BACK, I'M GOIN' FIST CITY ON THIS THING.
<REINIGER?>
<THE HELL IS THAT!>
SKRACKT

HAW! THEY'RE PURE RAGIN'.

I THINK I GOT SOMETHING HERE.

<ALMOST THERE...>

<OOF, WHAT'S IN THIS THING? LEAD?>

<IMPORTANT LEAD. MY ORDERS ARE TO TAKE IT STRAIGHT TO THE EAGLE'S NEST.>

THERE.

STOAP PLOOTERIN' ABOUT!

FWAM

<THEY'RE *HERE!* HURRY, FINISH LOADING SO I CAN GET IT STARTED!>

<WHOAH, *HEY,* WAIT A SECOND!>

NAY A BAD JOAB IF AH DO SAY SO MASELF.

YEAH, I DID IT.

<DAMMIT!>

KLUD

MY LEGS!

AYE!

OI! GIT ORF THE WEE MAN'S BLOODY LEGS!

BRAKKA

AUGH!

HEY, NO, PUT THEM DOWN! I NEED THOSE TO WALK!

SHOVE OVER!

NEIN!

AWAY AN BILE YER HEID.

<DON'T KILL ME!>

CAN YOU FLY THIS THING?

NAW.

UPPATHUPPATHUPPATHUPPATHUPPATHUPPATHUPPATHUPPATH

TCH, PURE SKOOSH.

IS... IS THAT GOOD?

SKORZENY?!

OF *COURSE* IT IS.

THE KOLIBRI IS NOT DESIGNED TO FLY WITH SO MUCH EXCESS WEIGHT. WE ***WILL*** CRASH.

AND I'LL SURVIVE. YOUR PLAN IS **STUPID.**

SPEK

NO, IT'S NOT. YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THE BRITISH ***ANTI-TANK*** "STICKY BOMB."

IMAGINE WHAT IT COULD DO TO THIS ***FRAGILE*** HELICOPTER.

OR YOUR HANDS!

FLY *STRAIGHT* YA AULD DONKEY! THAT'S RIGHT, ALMOST GOT YE...

C'MON!

SHLUK!

GOTCHA!

OH, *DARN* IT.

MEANWHILE...

<WELL, THAT'S THE END OF *THIS* PLACE. WHAT'D YOU FIND THERE?>

<NOT SURE. THERE'S ENGLISH WRITING ON IT.>

<DAMMIT. I DON'T EVEN *LIKE* HITLER.>

M112 C-4

MISSION *BLOODY* ACCOMPLISHED.

TEN HOURS LATER
WEYMOUTH, ENGLAND

YE TOOK YIR TIME, EH?

I'M GOOD, THANKS FOR ASKING.

YIR LOOKIN' RIGHT GUBBED.

IF THAT'S A WORD FOR BEING CUT IN HALF AND DRAGGING YOURSELF ACROSS THE SEA FLOOR WITH ONE HAND, THEN THAT'S A HELL OF A LANGUAGE YOU'VE GOT THERE.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SOLDIER?

M'NAME'S JAMES MILLIGAN, BUT YE YANKS CALL M'SCOTTIE.

REAL IMAGINATIVE.

AYE. BLOODY YANKS.

Free Comic Book Day
2009
WEGENER

TARAVAI ISLAND, FRENCH POLYNESIA, 1999

NO. NO YOU DID NOT TRAVEL THROUGH TIME.

OF COURSE I DID. I'M A GENIUS!

BUT MOSTLY YOU'RE INSANE.

AM NOT!

LISTEN. LET'S ASSUME, JUST FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT, THAT TIME TRAVEL IS POSSIBLE.

IT IS!

ANYWAY. THE EARTH SPINS AT OVER ONE THOUSAND MILES PER HOUR. IT REVOLVES AROUND THE SUN AT SIXTY-SEVEN THOUSAND MILES PER HOUR. THE SUN ORBITS THE MILKY WAY AT A SPEED I DON'T KNOW OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD, BUT IT'S HUGE. THE MILKY WAY HURTLES THROUGH INTERGALACTIC SPACE EVEN FASTER THAN THAT.

IF YOU TRAVELED JUST ONE SECOND THROUGH TIME, YOU MIGHT STILL BE WITHIN THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF PLUTO'S ORBIT WHEN YOU DIE IN THE COLD VACUUM OF SPACE.

BAH! BEHOLD THE PULPY FRUIT OF MY *VASTLY SUPERIOR REPTILIAN INTELLIGENCE!*

CHATTA CHATTA CHATTA

NO, YOU'RE AN IDIOT AND YOUR ORIGIN STORY DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

THE ENERGY REQUIRED TO TRAVEL THROUGH TIME IS BEYOND STAGGERING!

BLAM BLAM

BLAM

BAH! IF YOU DO IT WRONG!

THAT MAKES NO SENSE!

I HAD *CRYSTALS!*

CRYSTALS.

CRYSTALS WERE *INTEGRAL!* I USED THEIR SPECIFIC RESONANT FREQUENCIES TO COLLECT AND *AMPLIFY* THE ECHOES OF THE *PERVERSE* MAMMALIAN ENERGIES FROM YOUR SEPTEMBER 19, 2008 THAT *DESTROYED MY WORLD* EVEN AS IT EMPOWERED ME WITH *UNPARALLELED GENIUS!*

YOU KNOW YOU'RE ABOUT TEN YEARS TOO SOON, RIGHT?

TIME ENOUGH TO ENACT MY BRILLIANT MASTER PLAN! I'M A **GENIUS**, NOT AN **IDIOT!**

SO, MAMMAL ENERGIES TRAVELED **BACKWARDS** THROUGH TIME AND KILLED THE DINOSAURS BUT SOMEHOW MUTATED **YOU** INTO A SUPER GENIUS, THUS ALLOWING YOU TO FIGURE **ALL** THIS OUT, AND THEN TO CONSTRUCT A **TIME MACHINE** OUT OF WHAT I CAN ONLY **ASSUME** TO BE FRONDS AND **ROCKS.**

AND CRYSTALS!

SHROOOOSH

BOOM

DO YOU HAVE **ANY** IDEA HOW **MANY** WAYS THAT'S STUPID?

HERE'S ONE: YOU SPEAK ENGLISH!

THE PATHETIC GRUNTS OF YOU HALF-APES ARE NOTHING WORTH BRAGGING ABOUT.

BEHOLD MY MASTERY OF THE MAMMAL HAIKU!

THAT DOES NOTHING TO ADDRESS THE FACT THAT REAL DINOSAURS DON'T HAVE LARYNXES!

SHUT UP, I'M A TIME TRAVELING GENIUS!

I'M SORRY, BUT IT'S MUCH MORE LIKELY YOU'RE THE DERANGED RESULT OF ILLEGAL GENETIC EXPERIMENTATION.

KACHACK

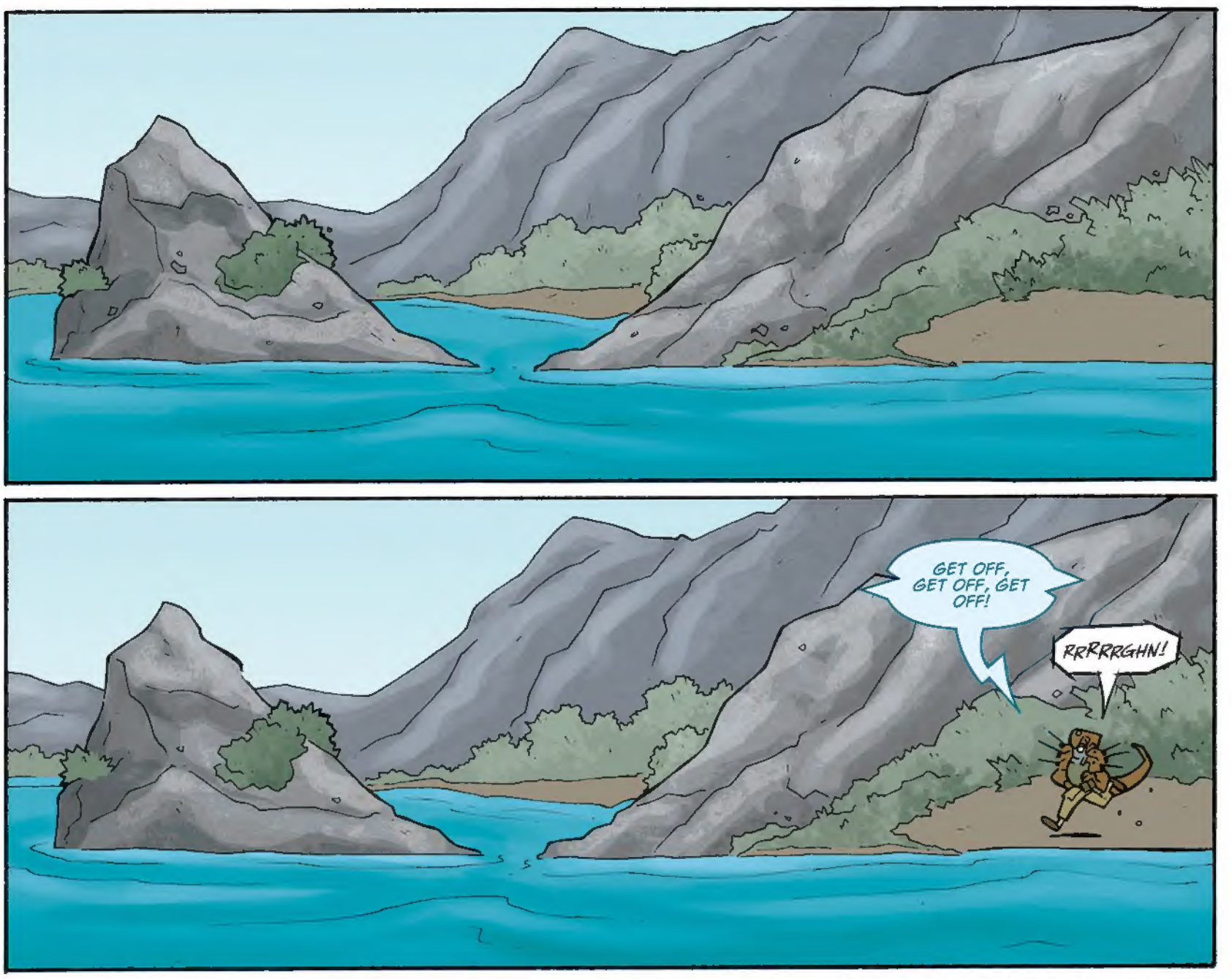
CHINA, JAPAN, FRANCE, RUSSIA, AMERICA THEY'VE ALL GOT SECRET FACILITIES ON REMOTE PACIFIC ISLANDS JUST LIKE THIS ONE.

WITH HUGE WEAPON STOCKPILES!

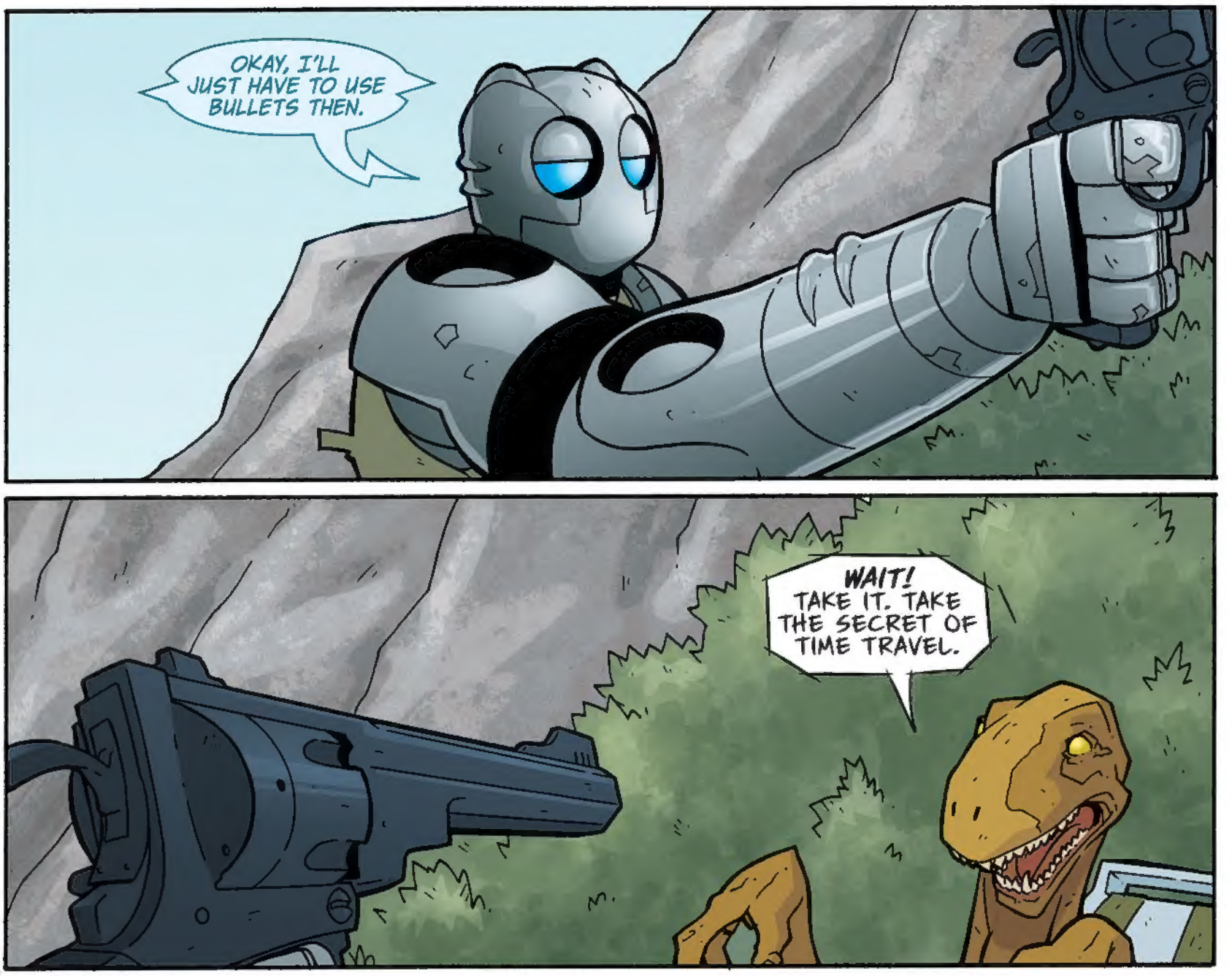
BRATTARAKKA

HRRM...

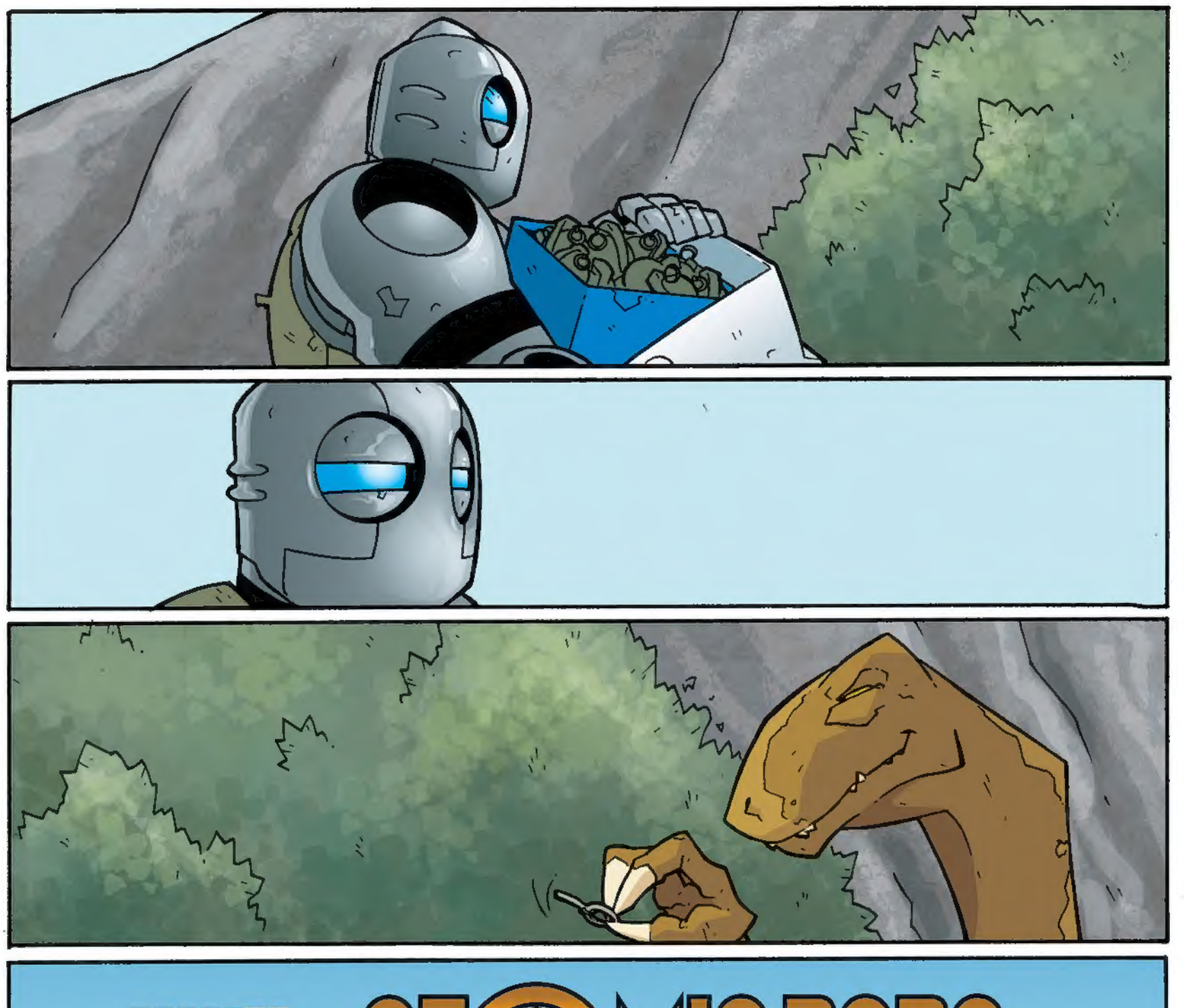
CHOOM
AH! DECEPTION! MAMMAL DECEPTION!
I'M A ROBOT.
MAMMAL ROBOT!
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO RESPOND TO THAT.
WITH CLAW!
BACK OFF, MAN!


GET OFF, GET OFF, GET OFF!
RRRRRGHN!

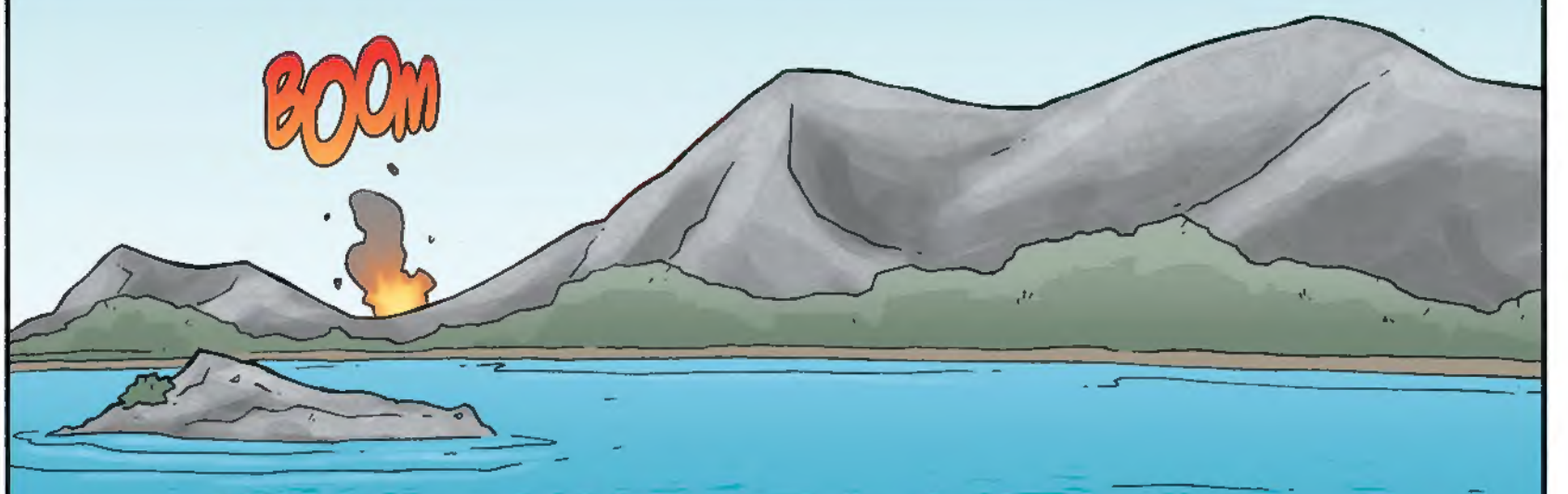
RGNNRRHG!
WAIT A SECOND. I WEIGH FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS. I CAN JUST FALL BACKWARDS AND CRUSH YOU.
BAH! I HAVE RELEASED YOU. YOUR MASS IS USELESS AGAINST MY GENIUS!


OKAY, I'LL JUST HAVE TO USE BULLETS THEN.
WAIT! TAKE IT. TAKE THE SECRET OF TIME TRAVEL.

KTUNK
igloo
IF THIS IS FILLED WITH ROCKS, I AM GOING TO KILL YOU.



WHY ATOMIC ROBO HATES DR. DINOSAUR



WRITTEN BY
BRIAN CLEVINGER

DRAWN BY
SCOTT WEGENER

COLORED BY
RONDA PATTISON

LETTERED BY
JEFF POWELL